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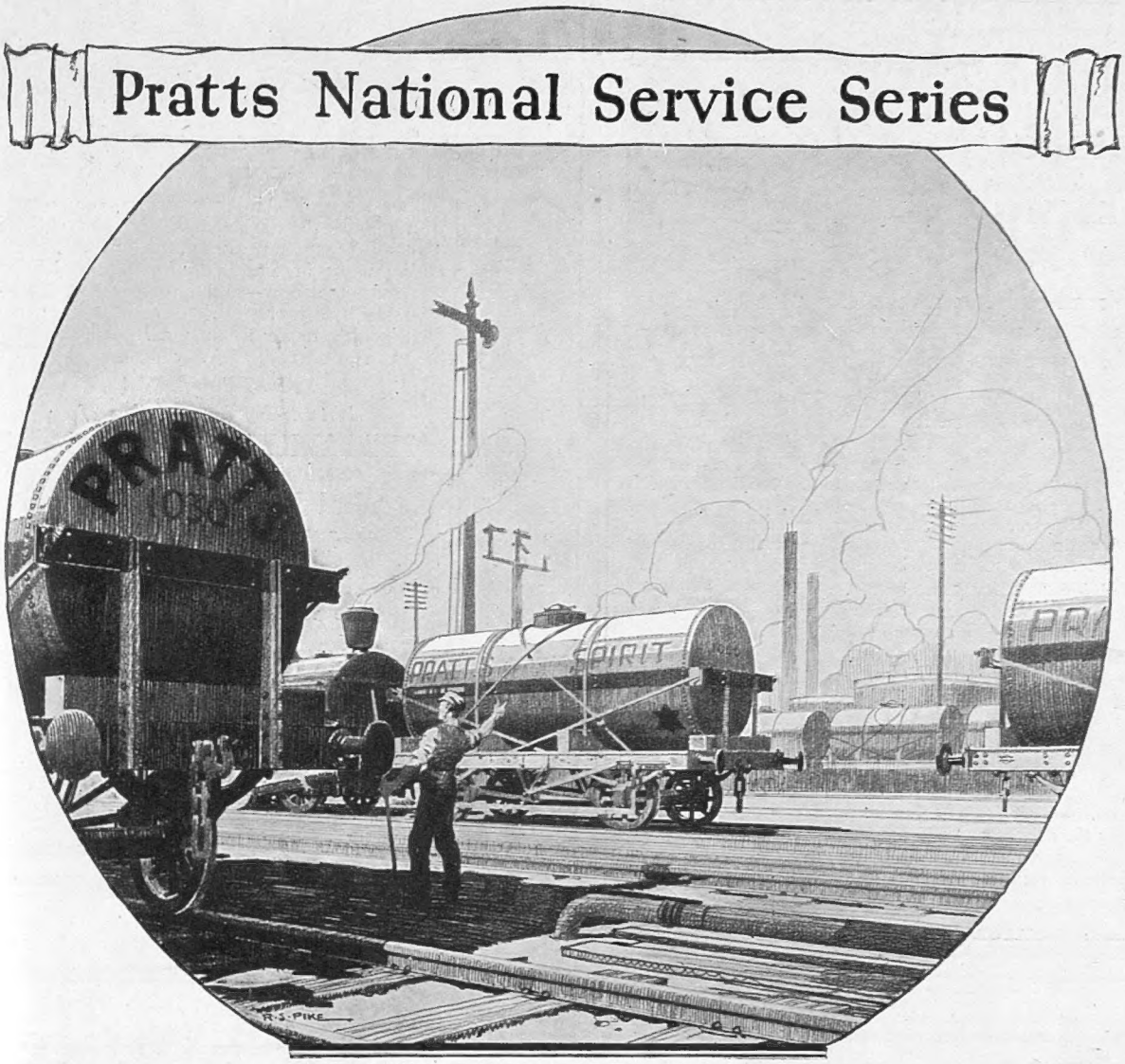

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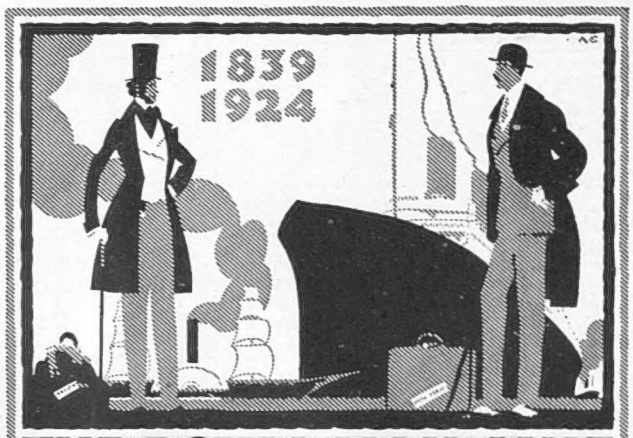

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"CORSLO-JUNO"

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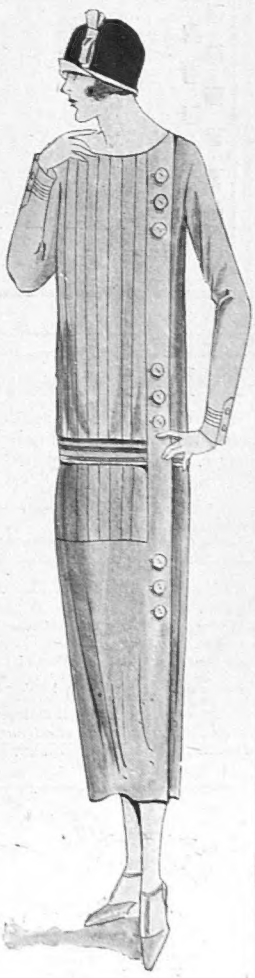

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Further, we are constantly taking advantage of any methods ensuring improvement in finish and detail, so as to make 'STANDARD' Cars better and better value.

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Dunlop Tyres fitted to all Models

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Body and sleeves lined rainproof silk.

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By appointment to H.M. the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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The "Inveraray" Cape-Coat drapes neatly and comely in pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum cloths — soft, light, lustrous — in bewitching browns, lovats, dove-coloured fawns, etc., overchecked and plain.

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A New Musical Comedy.
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Over 90,000 little children die in England alone every year. Thousands of these deaths are preventable. The aim of the

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is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

a recognized Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. All are asked to join the Voluntary Helpers' Guild. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Sq., London, S.W.
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The "Pompretta" Transformation (your "friend in need"). Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.

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FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

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WELL-TAILORED SHIRT JUMPER (as sketch) in ivory crêpe de Chine shirting, cut on straight lines, fastening in front with pearl buttons, smart collar, link cuffs and two useful pockets; the fronts of various contrasting colours, including Saxe, Beige and Tan, also in all the newest colours with ivory fronts. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

PRICE **49/6**

In size 15 inches **2/-** extra.

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We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements. Post orders carefully executed.

Debenham & Freebody

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"The Major"

A change for the Better

THE pure *Ribbed Rice* "paper" in which CAVANDER'S ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES are packed, differs, as its description implies, from all other cigarette papers. The flavour of the old matured golden Virginia is unaffected, particularly so as the pure ***Ribbed Rice paper*** is *uncontaminated with Bronze Powder or Ink*, both of which mar the perfect product.

Cavander's say—don't smoke Ink—smoke

Cavander's

"Army Club"

Cigarettes

Free from the contamination of Printers' Ink and Bronze Powder

CAMBRIDGE SIZE

20 for 1/3

Cavander's, Limited, Manchester and London.
The Firm of Three Centuries. Established 1775.

Radiant Health and a Lissom Form in the scented waters of your hot baths

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts—a delightful means of regaining the slim silhouette demanded by modern fashion.

A handful in your bath is all that is necessary—a course of luxurious perfumed baths—and even after the first bath a definite reduction in weight is noticeable.

It is unnecessary to diet or take internal remedies.

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts are *absolutely non-injurious.*

Glowing Radiant Health for All

"Cyclax" Bath Salts will soften the water, stimulate the blood and produce a state of glowing, radiant health.

Unsurpassed for rheumatism, gout, acidity, etc.

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VIOLET RAY BATH SALTS

Price 7/6 per bottle sufficient for 12 baths.

Obtainable from High-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. If any difficulty is experienced, send your order direct, together with name of your chemist or hairdresser.

Write for complimentary copy of Mrs. Hemming's wonderful book—"The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

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EASY CHAIRS & SETTEES.

Decoration, Furniture.

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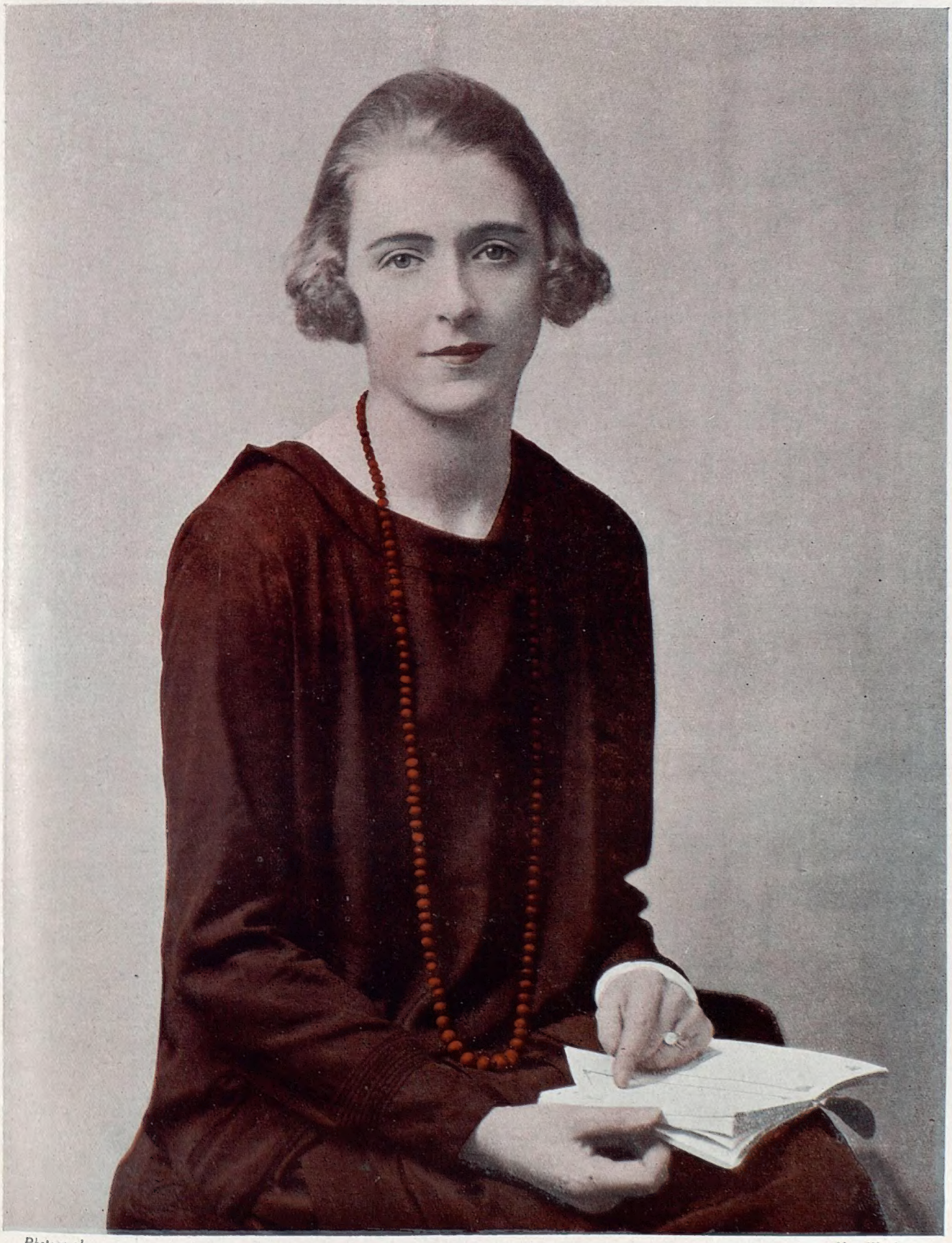
The Bystander, September 3, 1924 No. 1083. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER



Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS VIOLET V. BOURDON GUTHRIE

The daughter of the late Murray Guthrie, Esq., and Mrs. Guthrie, of Torosay Castle, Isle of Mull, whose engagement to Captain F. B. de Klee, the Royal Horse Guards, was recently announced. She is a niece of Sir John Leslie, Bt., and grand-daughter of Lady Constance Leslie

"When You Get What You Want, You Don't Want It"

BY E. T. REED

JOHN BULL: "Want a Representative Government, do they? Well, I know *I* should be precious glad to get one myself that even remotely represented *me—and look at the one I've got!*"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

THEY LIVE IN OR AROUND THE NEW FOREST

We Are Getting Gregarious

MANKIND gets more and more gregarious as the world goes on. We have had the Trade Union, the Association of Employers and the Garden City. Now the craze has spread to actors and artists.

Actors and Artists

I HAVE received, by the same post, particulars of the activities of the Partnership Players and the New Forest Group of Painters. The former have banded themselves together to produce plays at the Grand Theatre, which stands by Putney Bridge, and has been used as a cinema for several years past, while the latter are holding their first exhibition at the Mansard Gallery during the whole of September. The painters base their association on the fact that they live in or around the New Forest, but I don't imagine the Putney players were selected on similar grounds.

Our Greatest Actress

AT this quiet period of the theatrical year, the dramatic critics engage in the pleasant sport of genius-hunting. At such times we are told who is the greatest actress of our stage, and always we are told different. Two years ago, Sybil Thorndike was placed on the pedestal of fame. Following her, came poor Meggie Albanesi of the gay heart and sombre eyes, while, to-day, it is Edith Evans who holds pride of place. Each of these three ladies has deserved the adulation of the critics, but there have been occasions when those gentlemen have not been quite so happily inspired. Let us draw a veil!

Safety Last

HAVING spent a day or so in the land of the "sharrybang," I join with those critics who are crying out for a proper inspection of these necessary evils of the road. During the months of August and September, anything that will run on wheels is let loose in the hands of some cheery youth whose chief delight it is to race the representative of the rival firm. One such arrived at a South Coast terminus the other evening, and announced gleefully that "the old Ford was standing on her head in the ditch!"

Don't Misunderstand Me

A CORRESPONDENT tells me that since my reference to the Arundel notice board—"Children May Play in this Field"—the notice has disappeared. He suggests that the authorities felt I was "getting at them," but I refuse to saddle the Duke's agent with such a lack of humour. Let me make it quite clear that the notice was so refreshing—such a welcome change from the sort of warning one usually sees, that I could not help drawing attention to it. I congratulate the person responsible, and I hope he will put it back as an example to other less generous landowners.

WE ARE TOLD WHO IS THE GREATEST ACTRESS

The Giddy Pinnacle

I HAVE often thought that Fame must be a rather depressing thing. Fancy sitting on the topmost rung of the ladder with nothing to do but maintain a precarious seat on that giddy pinnacle. "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive," and the modern Icarus has more fun than the folk who sit among the stars. Yet the great ones of the world need not despair. Let them follow the example of Frank Tinney, the American comedian, who went down to Cardiff and

'VANISH MYSTERIOUSLY FROM THE SCENE OF THEIR EXPLOIT'

'ANNOUNCED GLEEFULLY THAT "THE OLD FORD WAS STANDING ON HER HEAD IN THE DITCH"'

LET LOOSE IN THE HANDS OF SOME CHEERY YOUTH

Made and Printed in Great Britain

without any banging of drums submitted his new turn for the judgment of local playgoers. A large section of his audience had never heard of him, but in their applause the enterprising performer had the satisfaction of making his reputation all over again.

A Trifle Risky

If I were a popular author, I think I should be tempted to follow the example set by Mr. Tinney. How interesting to submit one's stories under a *nom de plume* and wait the judgment of an entirely unprejudiced audience. A trifle risky, perhaps, but a certain break from the monotony of churning out best-sellers year after year. Some of the critics, too, would have a new interest in life if the practice became general.

It Seems Fair

Talking of critics, it is rather amusing to note that the authors who consider themselves hardly treated by the captious ones have, of late, shown a tendency to be up and doing. Recently, on this page, I told of the editor who received a visit from a hefty gentleman who wore rough tweeds and carried a hefty ground ash stick, and now I see that C. K. Munro, the mildest author who ever cut a critic's throat, has broken out in protest. Possibly, in a more perfect civilisation than that which we now enjoy, the critic will be as faithfully dealt with by the author as the author is now dealt with by the critic. It seems fair! Why shouldn't the man who started the hare be in at the death?

The Capital of the Cotswolds

I shall be shortly visiting the town of Cirencester, and I would love to know how to pronounce the name of that capital of the Cotswolds. The Editor of the *Sunday Times* has been opening his columns to a discussion on this important point, but while the editor of the local paper says bluntly that the name should be pronounced as spelt, a reverend gentleman living in the locality writes: "Colloquially among ourselves, we always call it Ciceter." The matter cannot be allowed to rest there. Forward, brave champions, to the fight!

Pity the Poor Hero

During this bathing season we are always reading of modest heroes who pull elderly ladies from the raging surf and then vanish mysteriously from the scene of their exploit. The newspapers are greatly intrigued by this behaviour, but I have never seen it suggested that the said heroes may have excellent reasons for not wishing to see their photographs in the picture papers. After all, every gentleman who goes to Brighton for the week-end doesn't wish to advertise the fact. It must be very pleasant to be hailed as a hero, but——. Come, come! We are growing cynical. Let us pass on to other matters.

By Morse

THAT K-"RUSSIAN" FEELING

"And the bull-dog laughed to see such sport
When Mos-"cow" jumped over the moon"

(With acknowledgments to the rhymster of our nursery days)

A Tale of Twins

Two stowaways from Canada conceived the happy idea of walking into an empty cabin and passing the journey in greater comfort than is usual with people who take a trip without paying the fare. Which reminds me that we are still waiting the London production of the New York musical comedy, *Two Little Girls in Blue*, in which a pair of twins made the trip on a single ticket. That was an ingenious idea if you like, and all would have been well if one of the twins had not fallen in love with a passenger while it was her turn to be taking the air on the upper deck.

It Pays to Advertise

Theatrical managers are not great believers in modern publicity. When they have placed their names on their play-bills as often as possible, they feel that they have done everything that is humanly possible to attract the public. A shining exception to this rule has been that jolly play, *The Farmer's Wife*, which has revived the fallen fortunes of the Court Theatre, and brought quite a lot of people to Sloane Square who were never there in their lives before. In the words of another well-boosted and, therefore, successful play, *It Pays to Advertise*.

Where Wolsey Went

John McCormack, the famous tenor, has been playing a lot of tennis at his Surrey home, Esher Place, in spite of the wintry summer we have been getting. It was to Esher Place that Wolsey went after being turned out of Hampton Court, and I can only hope for the sake of the present tenant that he left some of his famous underwear hanging in the wardrobe.

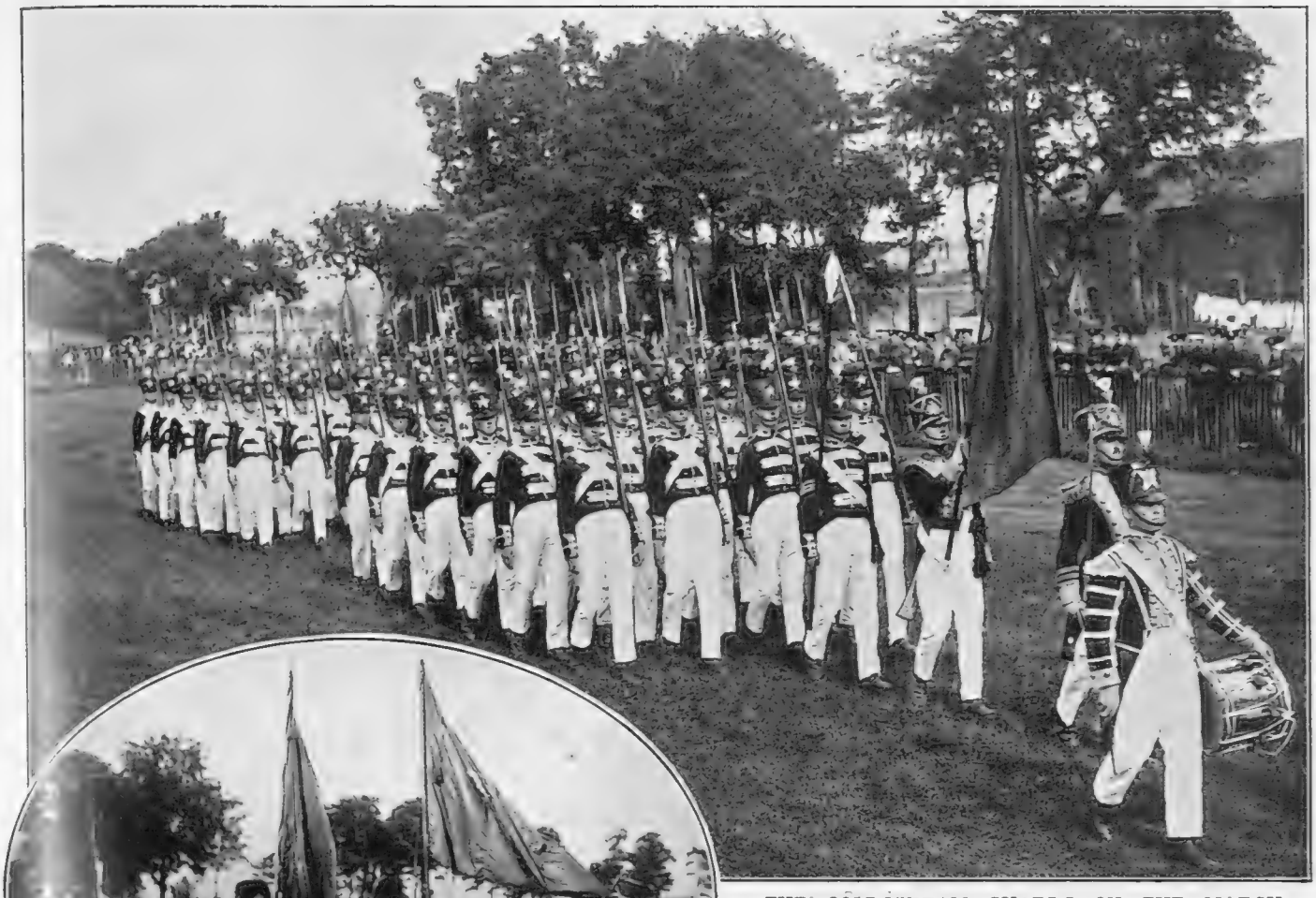
The Spirit of Race

Lord Stevenson, who presided at the farewell dinner to the Court Treatt Cape-to-Cairo Motor Expedition, paid a tribute to the old spirit of endeavour that has made Britain great—"the spirit of an island race," he called it. My hearing not being what it was, I was inclined at first to take umbrage, for I thought he said "an 'Ighland race." And then I remembered that guid Scotsmen like Lord Stevenson do not drop anything so precious as an haitch, and I was appeased. Here's luck to the adventurers, anyway, on their 7,000-mile trek across the Dark Continent.

'Verting to Variety

Are we to see a revival in the old style of variety entertainment? The reverting of the New Oxford to variety rather suggests that this is the case. The music-halls were killed by the so-called revues that were a cross between variety and musical comedy, and now that revue is definitely under a cloud, the opportunity of the single turn has come again. Come now, you mute, inglorious Lenos. Get busy!

As They Were in Wellington's Day



THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS ON THE MARCH

The Coldstream Guards of 1824, as they appear in the Military Torchlight Tattoo at Wembley this week

Photographs *L. N. A.*

UP GUARDS AND HAT 'EM!

The Grenadier Guards from Caterham Depot in their uniforms of 1824 afford a certain amount of amusement to less lucky comrades who haven't "clicked" for the Wembley Tattoo. (Inset) The changing of the Colours in great-grandpapa's day

WHO, WHEN and WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Society and September

A BRIEF calm has fallen upon the comings and goings of the *monde où l'on s'amuse*. Deauville is over; most of the people who went abroad for a cure have returned, and Scotland for the coming month will be the chief playing-ground. All the members of the Royal family except the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary are in the North, where most of the big houses will have a succession of shooting guests.

But how folks do run about! I know a woman who left London fairly early in July because she said she must have a thorough rest after the season. She has been to Aix-les-Bains, twice to Le Touquet, to Deauville, twice to Paris, and has squeezed in two week-end visits in England. And now she has gone on a round of visits in Scotland after a day or so's golf at North Berwick. I've been trying to calculate how many hours she has spent in railway trains during the last two months, but have given it up.

Photograph *Central News*

THE PIPE OF MIMIC WAR

Prince Henry enjoying a smoke at one of the halts made during the recent reconnaissance of the 1st Cavalry Brigade from Aldershot to Oxford. The Prince, who is a lieutenant in the 10th Hussars, served with his unit throughout the recent manœuvres

Photograph *Central News*

AT ROYAL HOLYROOD

The Queen, who recently visited Edinburgh whilst in the North, making a tour of inspection of Holyrood Castle, where extensive alterations are being made. She is accompanied by the Duke of Atholl

Royal Viceroys

A SUGGESTION has been made that Prince Arthur of Connaught may succeed Lord Reading as Viceroy of India when the latter's term of office comes to an end. If the appointment is made there will be great satisfaction amongst the Indian Princes, many of whom have long been anxious that the Viceroy should always be a member of the Royal family.

There are old folk who contend that if we had had Royal Viceroys in Ireland matters across the Irish Channel would not be as they are. Queen Victoria was urged on more than one occasion to appoint a member of her family as Viceroy, but, notwithstanding the good effect made in Canada by the Governor-Generalship of the late Duke of Argyll—then the Marquis of Lorne—and the presence in the Dominion of Princess Louise, she could never be persuaded to send any of her sons or relations to Dublin.

Lord Beaconsfield was keenly aware of the importance of having a Royal Viceroy in Dublin. His sense of the picturesque, and his knowledge of the world, suggested one of the most popular Princesses in England—the Duchess of Teck, Queen Mary's mother. One night, sitting next to the Duchess at dinner at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house in Stratton Street, he skilfully introduced the subject of the then vacant Viceroyalty of Ireland, suggesting in his most flowery manner that he should propose Her Royal Highness's name to Queen Victoria as the Vice-reine. But the suggestion never went further than the Baroness's dinner-table. The Duchess vetoed it immediately.

A Fallacy Revived

A GOOD many years ago there was a clamour about Scottish deer forests. People who had never been north of the Tweed declared vehemently that Scottish landowners gave up to deer whole tracks of country that ought to be cultivated, and that but for the selfish sport of noble landlords Scotland would be a smiling land of agricultural prosperity. The subject was even made a "plank" in the platform of what was then called the Radicals. Now, I see, the ancient cry has been revived by the Socialists, with most of the mossy old fictions still sticking to it.

During an election campaign in Scotland a Radical politician singled out a noble owner of a deer forest for especial vituperation. According to him, this owner's deer battened on land which otherwise would have been waving with corn, merely

Photograph *Lafayette*

LADY WALTER GIBBONS

Who has been entertaining largely during the Season which has now gracefully retired to take a rest till next May. Her husband gave Ashfield House as an auxiliary hospital during the War

Photograph *Sport and General*

"THE GUNS! THE GUNS!"

Members of Lord Woolavington's grouse shoot at Knockando under camera fire before going into action. The group includes: Col. C. Dunbar, Sir Walter Gibbons, Sir Duncan Hay, Mr. R. L. Hunter, Mr. W. Hern, Mr. P. M. Evans, Mr. W. Harrison and Mr. W. E. Livock

to give that owner and his friends the pleasure of their autumn stalking. After reading the politician's speech in the paper the owner invited him to visit the deer forest and also to bring any agricultural experts he chose. The politician accepted the invitation, eager for actual proof of the grinding selfishness of Scottish landowners.

He returned a distinctly abashed politician. His own experts had declared that not a single acre of the deer forest had sufficient depth of earth to grow anything more than mustard and cress, and much of it was too rocky and exposed to grow even that. Another Scottish landlord, pilloried by the politicians, offered to give a large tract of country to his critics if they would arrange for its cultivation. They found it produced nothing but boulders, and, like the young man in the Bible, went sorrowfully away.

After this, one heard very little from the politicians about the enormities of Scottish landlords. There are very few deer forests which will grow anything except heather and moss — a fact of which the present Socialist agitators seem to be conveniently blind. They argue that the deer forests and grouse moors are "kept from the people for the pleasure of the idle rich," entirely overlooking the facts that income tax has to be paid on the rents the landlords get for the season's shooting, that money goes into circulation on their upkeep, and that without deer and grouse these forests and moors would be waste land profitable neither to the revenue nor to the community.

Photograph *Lewis*

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Helen Stevens, daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Stevens, of the Argentine. She is shortly to marry Mr. Geoffrey de Pass

Photograph *Sport and General*

BY QUIET STREAM

The peace and quiet suggested by this photograph of a member of Mr. W. C. Waldron's house-party fishing one of the streams near Carrach Lodge in Banffshire is quite soothing in itself. The "compleat angler" seen above is Mr. A. T. Waldron

Concerning Jemima

A CORRESPONDENT tells me I was mistaken when I said recently that Jemima was a feminine form of James which came into fashion when the Stuarts were on the throne. He says that the women of his family have borne the name for four hundred years, adding, "the first of these was called after a lady in the land of Uz, the daughter of that perfect and upright man, Job."

I am greatly obliged by the correction, but, all the same, it is an historical fact that a large number of female babies were christened Jemima during the reigns of the two James Stuarts.

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN THE RAIL WAY

Four spectators who display a distinct leaning for comfort at the Romsey Agricultural and Horse Show. Their names are: Master Hodgkinson (left), Miss Harman, Mrs. Noel Forward and Miss Longsdon

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE SHOW

Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst and Lady Hervey-Bathurst at the Agricultural and Horse Show held at Romsey in Hampshire

The Cult of Colour

LAST year the fashion at Deauville was stockingless legs and bare arms. This year the ladies of the various *mondes*, if I am to believe a correspondent, did not wait for the browning effect of the sun. They steeped themselves in tea baths and so browned themselves all over—apparently on the principle of the conscientious actor who blacked himself from head to foot when he played Othello.

Perhaps the new Roman bath at Deauville had some subtle effect on the subconsciousness of these ladies, a sort of hark-back. Roman ladies, we know, used to take baths of milk to induce whiteness of skin and complexions. Didn't one Roman Empress travel with a stable of she-asses to provide her morning tub? One thing can be said in favour of the tea bath. If every woman is nut-brown or a delicate mahogany, there can be no envy or hatred in feminine breasts because of the dazzling fairness of a hated rival's complexion.

Some of the ladies, I likewise hear, appeared at the Casino o' nights in green, mauve and other coloured wigs. But here, again, they were only following the example set by Greek and Roman women long before the Christian era. And if anything were needed to prove there is nothing new under the sun in feminine adornment and frippery, a vanity bag, containing a bronze mirror and a lip-stick, has recently been

Photograph *Farrington Photo Co.*

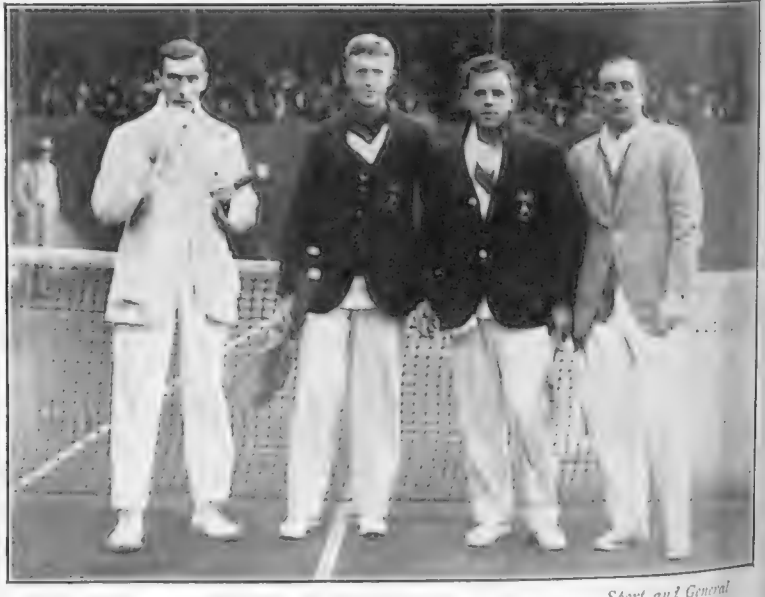
BANBURY, BUT NOT CROSS

Lord and Lady Chesham at the Banbury Horse Show which proved as popular as ever this year. The gentleman in the foreground appears to be a little suspicious of the photographer's attentions

Photographs

WHERE THE BANDEAU REIGNS

Four of the lady competitors in the Scarborough Tournament who saw eye to eye in the question of dress. Mrs. M. Stocks, Miss Kitty McKane, the winners of the Ladies' Doubles, are on the left of the net, on the other side of which are the runners-up, Mrs. Shepherd Barron and Miss Harvey



Sport and General

FOUR SCARBOROUGH FINALISTS

The finalists in the Men's Doubles of the North of England Championships at Scarborough. The group shows: Dr. E. D. McCrea (left), J. Condon, L. Raymond and R. Lycett. The South African pair, Raymond and Condon, beat their opponents in two straight sets, 6—0, 6—3. Raymond also won the Singles, beating M. Sleem 6—2, 6—3, 6—3

found in excavating a Greek tomb dating from I don't know how many years B.C.

Night Clubs

It was prophesied some time ago that the Government, sooner or later, would have to go into the question of night clubs. The people who blame the present licensing hours for the existence of all night clubs are not quite correct. Night clubs existed before the War, but their number was practically negligible, and only one or two of them were frequented by the *jeunesse dorée*. When you could go on to supper at a restaurant after a play and stay there until midnight, folk were not particularly inclined to go on elsewhere, in fact, it was only the more "rapid" young men who knew of the existence of the few night clubs, not one of which in those days could by any stretch of charity be considered entirely reputable.

But directly we were forbidden by law to have drinks with our supper after eleven o'clock—ten o'clock in some instances—then the night clubs increased and multiplied. And the police have had a busy time in making raids ever since, much to the profit of the Department—whatever it may be—that gathers in the fines paid in police courts.

Did you ever learn the "Florentine Experiment" at school? It was a proof of the incompressibility of water. You were told that if you made a dent in a hollow ball made of thin gold—you didn't see the ball, you were only told it was gold—filled with water, the gold on the other side would immediately burst and the water escape. Some mediæval scientist made this discovery. Human nature is, like water, incompressible. Shut up the restaurants by law at the time when hundreds of people want their supper, and the hundreds toddle off to the night clubs, in some cases to pay through the nose for what they eat and drink.

The disclosures made in the police courts as to the rents paid by some of the night clubs is a clear indication that these particular clubs must have had other sources of income than the entrance fees. And everybody knows—police, Parliament, and the people who go to these clubs—that the revenue came from breaking the licensing laws.

The whole thing has become a farce, and the sooner the Government faces the fact that people will not go home to bed at eleven o'clock because the law, in effect, tells them they must, the better.

CAPT. AND MRS. BUXTON

MRS. AND MISS GODCHAUX

MAJOR STANBROUGH AND MR. AND MRS. CHATTERTON SIM

DINARD DAYS AND THOSE WHO LIVE THEM

Photographs *Alfieri*

MR. E. C. POLLARD, MR. O. C. FINK, AND MISS B. BURNET

Men, Marriage and Money

The breaking-off of the engagement between two well-known people is causing a good deal of talk, because the break was made by the young man, and because he gave the reason quite frankly—the lady's portion was not so large by half as he had supposed it would be.

Naturally, the young woman's family and friends—and a great many other people too—say the young man is a fortune hunter, that he was only going to marry the girl for the money he believed she would have, and that she is well rid of him, etc., etc. We always take this point of view in England. Our commonsense and business instincts fly out of the window directly a man mixes the question of money with marriage. Yet there is scarcely a woman in a thousand who marries who does not raise the question,

or somebody else raises it for her. Yet the charges of "fortune hunting" or "calculation" are never made against women.

There are hundreds and hundreds of young men in all the professions, well-born, hard workers, able to support themselves, but who, owing to the economic conditions, cannot afford to marry. On the other hand, the War has given hundreds of women an independence of means they would never have had but for the death of brothers and male relatives. It seems only commonsense, therefore, that marriages between the men who can keep themselves, but not a wife, with women who have means of their own, should be encouraged. I

Photograph *G. T. Warhurst*

A MILITARY WEDDING IN SUFFOLK

Mr. Edward Ian Jacob, R.E., son of Gen. Sir Claud and Lady Jacob, and his bride, Miss Cecil Treherne, daughter of Major-General Sir Francis and Lady Treherne, leaving St. Mary's Church, Suffolk, after their marriage. Sir Claud Jacob is Chief of the General Staff, India. Sir Francis Treherne was Inspector of Medical Services in 1919

myself know of many cases in which the income of the man who cannot afford to marry, if joined to the income of a woman who cannot afford to keep a husband in idleness, would mean a comfortable joint income for both.

Now, this young man, who is being so badly fallen upon because he broke off his engagement, was in the position of being only self-supporting. He was genuinely devoted to the girl, and told her he couldn't ask her to marry him because of his financial position. She on her side believed a certain allowance would be made to her by her parents. They were wealthy, and since the War, she was the only child. The young people became engaged on the understanding of a "common pot." At the ninth hour, the father would only give an allowance of half the sum the girl had always understood she would receive on her marriage. So the young man was forced to break the engagement. Their united incomes would not have borne the expenses of matrimony. He was wise.

In cases such as this—and they are growing more and more numerous—it seems to me that the French system of *pourparlers* between relatives on both sides before an engagement is definitely entered upon, would save a lot of disappointment, gossip, and unfair deductions.

Photograph] **AN EARLY MEET OF THE CHESHIRES** *[Topical*

Miss Weaver, Miss Hornby and a friend at a Cubbing meet of the Cheshires at Cholmondeley Castle

A GLIMPSE OF BRITAIN IN BERLIN

An interesting snapshot of Lady D'Abernon, wife of our Ambassador at Berlin, presenting the prizes at a recent tournament of the British and Allied Services and Diplomatic Lawn Tennis Club. Names (left to right): Mr. F. T. Swann (Secretary), Mr. Hume (British Military Attaché), Lady D'Abernon and Colonel Burdett (Aeronautical Commission)

Anything in Reason

She was the daughter of a vastly rich financier. He was the younger son of a noble but impoverished house.

They had spent a very pleasant time together as young folk do nowadays. They had danced, played tennis, supped, lunched and dined; he had driven her all over London, to Ranelagh and Hurlingham, and down to Maidenhead on Sundays for an afternoon on the river in her own two-seater. They were the "best of pals."

But the pleasant time came to an end. Her mother and father were going abroad, and she, as a dutiful daughter, was going too. On their last drive she said,

"Wouldn't it be jolly if we could be together always?"

The young man agreed.

"But, of course, we couldn't be together always unless we were married, could we?" quoth the damsel.

Again the young man agreed.

By this time they had arrived at her home. "Let's go in and ask my father if we can be married," said she. "He never refuses me anything in reason."

The financier did not refuse, and that is how one marriage was "arranged."

Surprises of Divorce

Some American children were playing on the beach of one of the most fashionable Transatlantic seaside resorts.

"We've got a new daddy," said one little boy to another, "and we like him very much."

"So I see," said the other. "He was my daddy last June. He's a real good sort!"

An Autumn Bride

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS PHILIPPA WENDALL

The daughter of the late Mr. J. Wendall, of New York, and Mrs. Wendall, of Sandridgebury, St. Albans, whose marriage to the Earl of Galloway will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on October 14

Motley Musings

MR. JACK JONES in the House of Commons once ejaculated "Rats!" After perusing the *Sayings of Jack Jones* (recently published) we can honestly affirm that he never said anything cleverer than that.

. . . . . .

A LANCASHIRE bell-ringer says that his chief enjoyment at Wembley was to sit in the cafés there. This should be quoted as the classic example of a busman's holiday.

. . . . . .

AN American philosopher declares that laughter is dying out. It won't this side, however, so long as the States continue to send us her tourists.

. . . . . .

WHEN asked why she called her teddy-bear "Gladly," Joan explained that her favourite hymn began "Gladly my cross-eyed bear."

. . . . . .

THE author of *Chu Chin Chow* has just returned with his company from Australia. As the England XI does not sail for another fortnight, is not this bringing back of the Asches a little premature?

. . . . . .

A CHEMIST claims to have invented a secret remedy, but admits that one of its ingredients is onions. He'll be lucky if he keeps that secret long.

. . . . . .

A WRITER in a contemporary is of the opinion that every man would benefit in health by a week in prison. The skilly season has arrived.

. . . . . .

SCIENTISTS are still endeavouring to solve the problem whether it is possible for anyone to exist on Mars. Anyhow, it's d——d difficult to exist on earth.

MISS NORA BAYES, who is about to marry for the fifth time, is said to have remarked in an interview, "As soon as one becomes bored one should secure a divorce":

She declares if holy wedlock
Leads, through boredom, to a deadlock,
For divorce one ought to make an application.
As I notice that Miss Nora
Is to wed her fifth adorer,
I should say Miss Nora Bayes her inclination!

. . . . .

AUTHORS AND BRIDGE

The Declaration of Independence.—George Washington.

Ay, there's the rub.—Hamlet.

He will never follow anything
That other men begin.—Julius Cæsar.

His very serviceable suit of black.—Browning.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts.—Tom Hood.

With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.—Cowper.

I hope you have not been leading a double life.—Oscar Wilde.

Set your affection on things above.—N. T.

WE are told that shingle shunning and bob banning is now the vogue. Hairdressers, however, are now selling an imitation close crop, so any girls willing to expend genuine shillings can get counterfeit bobs.

. . . . . .

A LETTER OF ADVICE
(*After Praed*)

1

Dear Bella, I hear that you're thinking
Of taking a parlourmaid's post;
Well, mind that you tackle your blinking
Old missus, and have her on toast.
If she ever expects a hot dinner,
If her language or living be low,
If they haven't the Pictures at Pinner,
My dear Arabella, say "No!"

2

If there's silver or brass to be seen to,
If she doesn't supply you with beer,
If she tells you the grates you must clean, too,
If she won't pay you sixty a year,
If her tea must be brought up at seven,
If she won't let you 'phone to your beau,
If she wants you in "sharp by eleven."
My dear Arabella say "No!"

3

If she won't let you leave without warning,
If you ever have back-chat from her,
If your bath isn't hot in the morning,
If she won't let you borrow her fur,
If she asks you to put just a stitch in
A napkin or duster, and oh,
If the wireless ain't on in the kitchen,
My dear Arabella, say "No!"

HARTLEY CARRICK

A FITTING RETORT

By Arthur Ferrier

MOTHER: "Helen! I strongly object to these one-piece bathing-suits"
DAUGHTER: "Well, mother, I think I ought to wear something"

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Nevertheless, as a spinster on the faded side, she is, naturally, very critical of a girl who is both young and pretty. She is not at all surprised to hear that Storm is not married to Mr. Welch. It is just what she would have expected; and she tells her friend, the Hon. Arthur Blount, that, among her other physical defects, the girl is probably—bow-legged. Just that.

Now I desire to state at once that I am not responsible for starting this discussion about the shape of a lady's legs. That sort of thing is outside my province altogether, and is, naturally, distasteful to me. But when Arthur Blount, who has been converted to the Human Relationship Society, tells Storm he wants to be her friend in the highest and noblest sense of the word, and proves his claim by taking her head on his shoulder and giving her a friendly squeeze, Storm feels that the moment for exchanging confidences has arrived. She, therefore, wants to know what that cat Miss Gayler has been saying about her. While Blount is hesitating and stammering awkwardly she supplies the information herself. She tells him that Miss Gayler said she had bow-legs; and in order promptly to disprove the odious calumny, she raises her skirt, and invites him to inspect the interesting phenomena closely and judge accordingly. And as he thought fit to take a peep, I could not help looking at them myself; and I will say this, that I don't think I ever saw a neater or shapelier pair of—but, as I protested, at the beginning of this paragraph, I didn't begin the argument. It was thrust on me. And the worst of it is that I don't feel as sorry about it as I should.

Miss Gayler makes quite a success of separating the young couple at last, as she claims to know so much better than they what is best for them; and the melodious Dennis Welch appears to have surrendered entirely to her assertive personality. Having settled so much, Miss Gayler takes it on herself to suggest that Storm shall promptly leave the hydro and secure a position as typist, or something of that sort. I do not know why it is assumed that a young lady in Storm's position is necessarily qualified to be a typist, but then, there are so many things that I do not know that I am sometimes quite ashamed of my ignorance. Miss Gayler is a very well-drawn type of the aggressive spinster of uncertain age who can always manage other people's affairs to advantage. It is usually the middle-aged spinster who comes forward to teach the young mother how to manage her new baby; though how she acquired her superior knowledge can only be a matter for conjecture. And not very charitable conjecture at that.

Storm, having decided to leave Dennis Welch, is too sure of her personal attractions to give a second thought to the typist project. She at once sets her cap at the rather dull-witted Arthur Blount,

JEAN CADELL AS MISS GAYLER

with a boldness and a bluntness that are a little disquieting to old-fashioned people. I am not sure that it is altogether nice for a bright young girl to be heard telling a man, plainly and persistently, that she can see that he wants her, and that she will give herself to him accordingly. She leaves Blount to think the offer over, and there seems little doubt as to what the result of his choice will be! But the central figure of the play is Miss Jean Cadell as the smirkingly interfering Miss Gayler. The part might have been written specially for her, since it suits her peculiar style admirably. The fault of the play as an entertainment is that it lacks variety; and, like history, such events as there are tend to repeat themselves till the proceedings become at times a little monotonous. It does not seem to me to be the kind of play that is likely to enjoy a very great popularity among the playgoing public, but I always hope for the best.

JINGLE

Studies in Expression

An incident from the film version of "Monsieur Beaucaire" which is being shown at the London Pavilion. Doris Kenyon as "Lady Mary Carlisle" is seen registering rage, Rudolph Valentino as "Monsieur Beaucaire" is busily registering that "stretcher-bearers up" expression, whilst the stone boar—as itself—is appropriately registering boredom

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

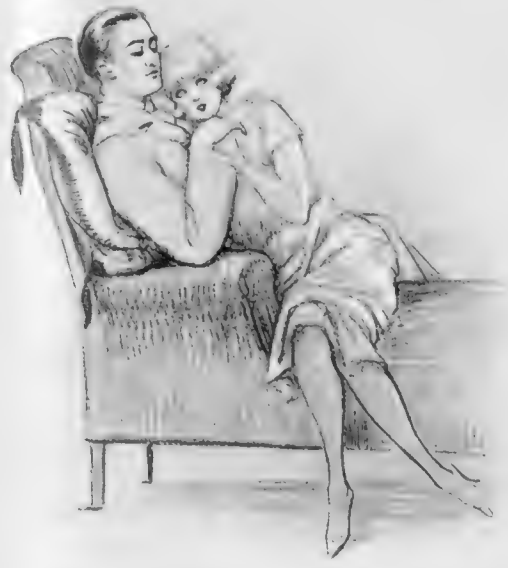
"The demoiselles delicieuses answered"

MES AMIS—

I WISH to tender fervent and respectful homage to M. Cazamajor, in which, may I hope, you will participate. I have not the least inkling of the identity of M. Cazamajor, nor shall I seek to discover it; but I have a vast admiration for audacious innovators, and Caza has deservedly assumed a place in the front row at the first thrust. M. Cazamajor's existence, hitherto unknown, except, perhaps, to a few fortunate friends, was made known to the world and to me by an advertisement, which, speaking adequately for itself, I quote in full without the slightest diffidence. Thus:

Novelist, in search of documentation, would willingly receive amorous confidences. Discretion.—Write to CAZAMAJOR at the office of the newspaper.

WHY didn't one think of that? By this time, I feel sure, M. Cazamajor has received hundreds of replies from *demoiselles delicieuses*, anxious to shower confidences into sympathetic ears. I am almost tempted to write to Caza myself, just to mention that if he finds himself unable to cope with the rush there are one or two good-natured souls who would be willing to relieve him of some of the strain. In these grey September days it would be so nice to do a little consoling—some of them are bound to want consoling—and I have always been told that I had quite a nice sort of shoulder for consolation purposes. However, I do not think I will intrude into Cazamajor's territory, but if anyone is anxious to make those amorous confidences they can write to me, care of Harry's Bank, in the Rue Daunou, and there will be no need to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.



"Quite a nice shoulder for consolation purposes"

PARIS has been so lacking in events for the last few weeks that there is need to develop new interests. My most thrilling adventure within the past few days occurred when two elderly American ladies "doing" the Boulevard St. Germain asked me to tell them where they could get ice-cream. Speaking haughtily, as befitted one of the few remaining representatives of the "noble Faubourg," I informed them that they were on the wrong side of the river for indulgence in such sweetmeats of the plebs., whereupon they retreated hastily to the more *accueillant* quarter of the Opera. They will probably think us very backward in the "Faubourg," but though we may be poor we are too proud to try to restore our shattered fortunes in ice-cream stores and soda-fountains. Besides, we prefer *brioches*.

THERE has been one mishap in the *milieu* of Montmartre night-lifers, which first produced a lot of bewilderment and then compelled a greater quantity of explanations before matters were straightened out satisfactorily. It centred round twin brothers who are very well known not only in Paris, but in most of the capitals of the world. One of them had been so bitterly insulted by a roysterer who had swallowed too much Lanson that he gave him a well-merited thump on his wine-lighted features and left him to recover at leisure. A few minutes later the other brother, who had come along later, sighted the champagne-carrier in the bar of the establishment, and, knowing nothing of the incident, expressed some greeting and held out his hand. It is beyond the power of most sober men to distinguish these two brothers apart, so it is not a matter for surprise that one loaded with Lanson could not tell t'other from which. He thought it was the first one, come to beg his pardon, and being more desirous of *revanche*

"With her pet dog under her arm"

than forgiveness, immediately struck the astonished twin. After that he had to deal with the twain. It will be a long time before he loses recollection of the mistake.

IT seems that we have not heard the last of that story of the Deauville *train bleu*, from which a well-known theatrical *étoile* was said to have alighted clothed in simplicity similar to the lady who represents justice, that is, with a *bandeau* over the eyes, plus a pair of dainty walking shoes, the remainder of the costume consisting of a little pet dog carried in the arms. It appears that on her return to Paris the alleged originator of new summer styles was carpeted by the management of the very dignified theatre to which she is attached and ordered to issue a denial of the *histoire*, which, she confusedly explained, was both inaccurate and accurate at the same time. The management did not care about subtleties of this sort so long as a denial could be published.

BUT the lady's worries were far from being ended when the denial was issued, for the *chroniqueur* called round and made a fuss, demanding the writing of a counter-denial. According to the latest version, the story had been agreed upon beforehand as an excellent piece of publicity. There is no doubt it would have been if the lady had not become timid under the thunders of the management. It is probable that by this time the principals are again friends, but it is doubtful if they will embark together again on kindred combinations.

"We prefer brioches"

THOUGH we have been rather lonely during the absence of our leading political figures in London for the Conference, we have benefited to the extent of a new *bon-mot*. This is Blum-pudding. Unfortunately, it needs rather a lot of interpretation to make it comprehensible to people in England who know not M. Blum nor his importance. M. Blum is the leader of the Socialist party, and, in adopting the course which he has followed, M. Herriot is said to have done so under the pressure of the pacifist Socialists, without whom he would not have a majority. As a description of the combination of French Socialist and British pressure, the arrangement to which M. Herriot has agreed has been found by some wit of the Lobbies in Blum-pudding. In the opinion of most French people plum-pudding is absolutely indigestible. For the sake of the cheery M. Herriot, it is to be hoped that Blum-pudding goes down easily. RENÉ

Photograph *Sport and General*

SHAKESPEARE IN A SUSSEX SETTING

The final "curtain" of the Red Triangle Institute's production of "The Tempest" at the Angmering Shakespeare Festival, which was held during last week at Angmering-on-Sea

His Wingèd Way

MR. TED SHAWN

The well-known American dancer in a new dance-scena called "Hopi." He and his wife, Miss Ruth St. Denis, have appeared in many beautiful ballets, and their school of dancing is well known in the States

Carmen by any other name . . . .

Flowing skirts are no hindrance when the music starts

*The mantilla—as **not** worn in England*

The men are generally more prominent than this!

The shawl as an asset.

DANCING TIME IN GAY SEVILLE

Anytime is dance-time in the Andalusian capital—so our artist found when she went the rounds of the cafés and cabarets. But Spain is of course the home of dancing. There, more than anywhere else, it is part of the national life—an expression of emotionalism and joie de vivre of a care-free, passionate and sunny people. Fandango, Bolero, Seguidilla, Tango—here are some of the picturesque attitudes of a picturesque people

By ROSE LE QUESNE

Mañana ?

Arms and the woman

Eve and the—Orange

Not as done at the Vicarage !

With Full Marks

BY STAN TERRY

DRAMATIST *(submitting new play)*: "I've made the hero a doctor, and in the last act, to save the heroine's life, he vaccinates her—"

THEATRICAL MANAGER: "H'm—that ought to take!"

YOGO HAMA'S HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS

"To recline slothishly in a taxi"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

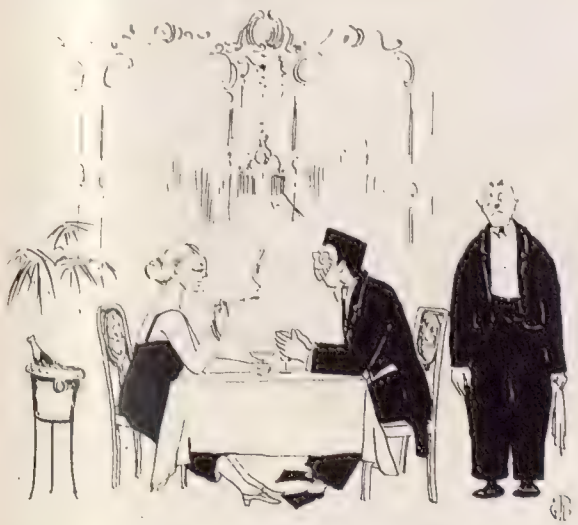
How goodish it are to be back I-ce more again in the metropolitan areas after the hardshippings and other endurances of the provincials and suchly non-civilised outerposts. I feel to myself like an exploring person who has made to percolate spots non-trodden by human hands and has now return, very manly and imperial in looks, also covered with sunburns which greatly add to the masc beauty and make I to be very popular with the fairs. How considerably true it are that Anglo-persons, masc and femn, enjoy their pleasures saddishly. They leave comfort homes with *h* and *c*, also electrics and 5 minutes from the station, in order to permeate into the wilds and rockies of Grt. Britain and live in inferior abodes with not any water-tap, gas or *h* and *c*, 10 miles from the station and perhapsly up a hill several acres in heights. If, as mostly, it rains 6 from out of 7 days, they have to read only "Hims, Aged and Modern," from Hon. lodgings-lady, or the ½ returns of their tickets. Notwithstandingly, they year after year perform similar endurances and feats of strength.

If, to the contrary, they go to the seasides, they hop only from the fat into the fryings pan, and their sufferings achieve no diminishments. They sit for innumerous hours on the parched and burning sands, imbibing lbs. of same, also removing several 100-weights in their socks. They become scorched to a blister if hot, or are froze to ice if cold, likewisely must hark to pierrots, Uncle Toms and other musical objects of the seashores and provide emoluments for same. They then return to the lodgings abode, replete with fatigues, to consume cold muttons and other dyspeptics. Yes indeedly, the Anglicans are very hardy race, otherwisely they should perish and grow extinct beneath the annualar sufferings which they inflict themselves, so as to become very strong and impervious to found empires and put red paint on maps.

"The night beauties of Piccadillys Circus"

Permit I should recapitulate to myself the joyish words: How delicious it are to be back in the Metropole.

Not ever before have I so adequately appreciate the night beauties of Piccadillys Circus. How thrillish to observe the artificial illuminations, sparkings and flashes of coloured electrics dis and re-appearing in dazzling and entertaining successions. This, I bemuse, are muchly more delicious to witness than a bucolic sunset which takes hours to fade and does not form letters or emit coloured sparks, but only makes us to feel glump and saddish.



"In a London eating emporium"

How fragrant it are, I declam, to recline slothishly in a taxi after padding the hoofs for umptish miles on rural roads seeking for a refreshments department, only to make discover when arrive, that it are a non-licensed hour and we must remain imparched for 3 or 5 hours more. At lastly, having squenched same, we hie to return the 15 or 20 miles upon our devoted pins, scorched to clinkers by a sun or drowned to rats by a rustic deluge, and with our hoofs imblistered. Also to suffer continued perils from cows, masc and femn, sheeps and other wild fauna which populate these latitudes and which frequently seek to impale us upon their butts if we do not possess extreme velocities.

Yes indeedly, I should feel gratitudes to my luckish stars that I have succeeded to escape these emergencies with life and limb non-damaged. O yes, for now how sweetish it are to bask I's appetite in a London eating emporium with innumerous luscious dishes—(also, perhapsly, a sweetish fair. Ha, ha!)—and not to entirely live on eggs in bacon. Indeedly, I do not very greatly think I shall be ever able to look in the face an egg or bacon again, because I have seen so many of him in his native environings. Perhapsly some day, many numerous years hencely, I shall partake this bucolic delicacy, or when I wish to perform punishments for not adequately worshipping Hon. ancestors. But otherwisely, I do not think.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, this sounds to be very embitterish commentings Have you not observe while making sojourn in our provincials, the delicious sceneries, sunsets, hills, trees and other geographical herbs?" you repart. Indeedly yes, Hon. sir, I are not so

blind in the eye that I cannot observe these rareish fruits. But the other day before last I stood to see the sun achieving a set behind St. Paul's and Westminsters Abbey, or thereaboutsly, and felt transposed by this so beautiful spectacular. Forsoothly, I felt so move by the enthrall, that I was suffused by an afflatus which I shall now depict you as vizly:

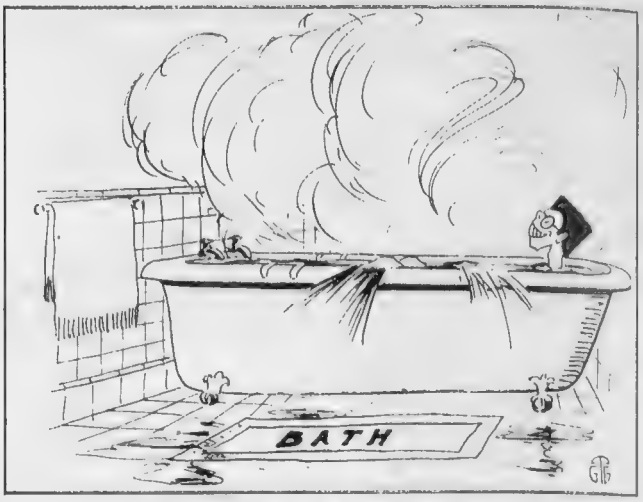
To see the sun sink to set above the city
Are spectacular both wonderful and pretty,
How better far it are from Leicester Square,
Than 300 miles from anywhere.

(This are very A.1 cantatoe, so kindly to imprint him with extreme legibility. Also he must not be made into music for singing by prime or other donnas without very expensive feeings.)

"Transposed by this so beautiful spectacular"

O yes, I are very gladish to have made finish cleansing my soul with these so non-carnal and theological pleasures of the provincials, where I have only 1 food to eat and only my feet to transport upon. Now I feel very pure, so can plunge henceforthly into pleasant sins and other metropolitan pleasures with good digestives and very O.K-ish appetites. Ha, ha, how delicious I now feel when dining myself at the Hotel Troc or other caravan, to think of Hon. bucolic friends 100's of miles from a crême de menthe.

But most entirely of all, I luxuriate myself in a heat bath. How supremely luscious and sump the feel, after freezing almost to the deaths in icy pools or other maritime waters where 1 makes to shiver for a ½ or 1 hour to achieve the awful plunge to the horrid depths. Almost I feel another afflatus coming,



"I luxuriate myself in a heat bath"

but shall cork him because of non-sufficient spaces to give him adequate birth. O, how sweetish the delightful smell of the soap of verbena, much more to my present nostrils than violets, primeroses, honeysuckles and other poetic growths of the countrysides, which only wither and die and do not perform cleansing or other useful purposes. Also are it not thrillish, when debarking from saidly bath, to envelope 1's-self in a hottish towel, instead of to emerge from very soggish dipping garment, then to achieve a toilet in a north or other easterly blast? *Oui*, I think so.

Hoping Hon. Sir your good healths have survive your summer holidays if any, I remain

Yugo Hama

Photograph *Photopress*

ONLY A RUMOUR

Vanglia, the Witch of Fleet Street (Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis), whose other name is something akin to Dame Rumour, being severely handled (as usual) by journalists. The scene is one from the amusing maiden presentation by the Peasant Players of Fleet Street at the Inns of Court Mission Hall last week. On the right of the picture is Mr. G. K. Chesterton (who, of course, is not quite a journalist) as King Baluda, with some of his forty-five wives, including Miss Dunham and Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

THE AMUSEMENT TAX

By Alfred Taylor

The Novice: "Wretched silly game this"
The Caddie: "Oh, I dunno! It's much funnier than golf, anyway"

A "TRUNK" CALL

By A. G Bestall

Little Girl (*entering doll's "hospital" shop*): "Please will you see if my dolly's ready?"
Assistant: "Certainly—what name?"
Little Girl: "Toodles!"

Golf, Gossip, and a Few Familiar

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING

A group at the first tee, including Miss Rosemary Hope Vere (left), the Hon. Barbara and Joan Brand, and (standing) Miss Esmond

Photograph *G. W. Day*

HOW IT'S DONE

Lady Clifton, who was married to Lord Clifton this year, driving from the first tee

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

'SMILES AWAY FROM TROUBLES

Miss Leonora Langton unaffected by Colonel Bogey or the weather at North Berwick

Photograph *Sport and General*

A FOURSOME BEFORE LUNCH

Mrs. Little, Mrs. Wyld, the Hon. Mrs. Turnbull and Mrs. Arkwright waiting for the photographer to go away so as to get on with the game

Forms from Breezy North Berwick

Photograph *Sport and General*

PLAYING PATIENCE

Mrs. Wyld (left), Lady Hardwicke, Lady Beatrice Stanley, Mrs. Lampson, Colonel Stanley and (standing) Miss Barbara Stanley, patiently watching the golfing clouds—and crowds—roll by

Photographs

COUNTRY SEATS

Lady Stern and Sir Albert Stern at North Berwick. Sir Albert was Director-General of Mechanical Warfare in 1916, and his name will be remembered in connection with the Tanks

J. C. H. Balmain

THREE "SCORE"

Mrs. John Marriott, Mrs. Carroll Carstairs, and Mrs. Graham Murray, who were among those staying at Whittingehame, Lord Balfour's seat

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE LAW OF THE LANDLADY

By "PENDARVES"

OUR holiday this year was, on the whole, a rather depressing affair. Hitherto Marjorie and I and the children, and Buster, the family terrier, have saved up enough money to spread ourselves fairly decently in a hotel. The way to ingratiate yourself with the Overlords of seaside hotels, by the way, is to go to the particular one you have marked down on a very wet Sunday in, say, February or early March, when life is at its bleakest and everything is vile, and ingratiate yourself with the management after lunch. You do that in this way. You have a glass of port, at your risk and expense, with the depressed gentleman or lady in the office, remark casually upon the tremendously heavy bookings for the Continent this coming summer owing to the franc value, and add that his or hers is the very hotel you would like to come to—but, of course, their prices. To secure a good booking they will very often "meet" you. Never telephone from London or send postcards of inquiry. That is fatal. Go and show yourself. They like to see the prospective victim. It cheers them up on a wet February afternoon. It adds a colour to their drab, empty lives, poor things.

But this year, owing to a sudden attack of second sight on the part of my local Income Tax Inquisitor, any hotel was out of the question. It was diggings—or nothing. No need to dilate upon our house-to-house visitation early in June along the Parade at Greathampton. Nor upon the curious hostility on the part of the ladies in whose windows hung the word "Apartments." You know what happens, those of you who have had some. You mount gaunt steps. You ring a bell. Very often it doesn't function. But if it does, in the fullness of time a shadow appears on the inner side of the glass door panels, and a personage stands before you smoothing an inimical apron. She looks rather scandalised at your disturbing the peace of her afternoon, and regards you sourly.

You begin meekly, "Er — have you any rooms?" The answer is usually in a monosyllabic negative. If you are strained to the last gasp of nervous exhaustion you can retort in a freezing voice, "Then why the devil do you hang that fly-blown card on the window catch?" . . . But it is only a momentary relief to frayed feelings; she is adamant and sphynx-like in her manner, and she follows you with a jaundiced eye as you back away down her unwashed steps.

Eventually you find a Gorgon who is prepared to take you in and do for you; and the matter is more or less amicably arranged. At a cursory glance the rooms seem quite decent, although you have got to pay 30*s.* per week per room, and you are "four in family." Of course, there are the inevitable china dogs on the mantelpiece who make mouths at you unceasingly. There is also Queen Victoria on the wall receiving the great news in her dressing-gown. There is the shiney American-cloth sofa, which slides from under you during the afternoon siesta; the armchair with one castor off the legs (this will be laid to your charge, *bien entendu*, when leaving), and certain abominations called antimacassars, for which, when they have crumpled up round the back of your neck a couple of times, you have a shorter name.

When you and the family arrive alert and eager for a really good seaside holiday your blithe spirits are dampened somewhat by the laws of the landlady and by the torments that await you within her "home from home."

First of all you are not allowed to bathe from the house. Her argument is that you bring sand in. But in some vague sense her spinster modesty is shocked by the picture of Marjorie *en habit de bain*; you confess you are not surprised; and the law upon this is inexorable. You are not allowed to hang bathing costumes out of the windows. Heaven alone knows why? Marjorie says the whole point about having a *chic* and expensive bathing costume, after wearing it, is to hang it up for all to see. P'raps she is right. But it is *verboten*. She, the Gorgon, won't allow any shells or seaweed in the house. Again echo answers why? But no; it isn't done in Greathampton. Then there is the catering question. She can't serve "late dinners"—has never been asked to. You are made to feel that your seaside appetite at 7 p.m. is something rather vulgar, which should be suppressed. No. She will give you what she calls "a roast" in the middle of the day. And she cannot make up picnic baskets—has never been asked to; dear me no, what next?

For breakfast you have got to have fried egg and bacon, very fried and very bacony; and the next day fried egg and bacon—and the day after that. Sausage and kidneys or an *omelette fines herbes?* Oh no; she has never been asked to cook that. You are really most unreasonable people. She will be glad to see the last of you. You notice also on the long weekly bill a curious charge of 2*s.* 6*d.* "for cruet." This is, presumably, for the use of some old-fashioned mustard, some congealed salt, and obstinate pepper. But it is the law.

Every door and window in the house (especially the bedroom window at night) rattles to the gay sea breezes. None of the curtains meet across the windows. The beds go precipitately down in the middle and emit a falsetto creak of protest to your every movement. Altogether it is a house of boundage — at 30*s.* a room, plus cruet.

I once, in Cornwall, found the ideal landlady. She cooked divinely. Her beds were a billowy delight of smoothness. You were a law unto yourself; she was your slave. She was always smiling, and doing little things for you. She even pressed your trousers. Where is she? W-e-ll, really. That is asking rather a lot, isn't it? I will sell her address for much fine gold. But *give* it away? Oh, no! Why should I? What have you ever done for me?

GUEST IN ONE

By Bowes

"Beastly show, isn't it? Shall we go?"
"I can't, I'm the host!"

Flowers of Speech

BY WILMOT LUNT

HE *(admiring flowers)*: "They're beautiful. Do you know, they remind me of you"
SHE *(softly)*: "But they are artificial!"
HE: "Ah yes—but you'd never know it"

"On Porlock Hill"

THE LIMPING BARD

[*Dedicated to Glorious Devon and to all those who purpose a walking tour.*]

On Porlock Hill we numbered four.
Fresh and fair the morning broke,
Sleepy-eyed the wakening moor
Donned her misty purple cloak.
Fur, and feather on the wing,
Stayed and stared while we did sing.

Through Brendon Vale the waters leap—
Not in any wise leapt we;
One by one like tired sheep
On we slouched with bended knee
Poets sing of Waters-Meet—
We immersed our groaning feet.

O Woody Bay, and Trentishoe!
Singing-names to make you glad,
Nooks that only sea-gulls know,
Little glades where rabbits pad;
Fairy names and fairy lands—
But our packs had iron bands.

On Porlock Hill we numbered four.
Twice uprose the morning sun,
Twice he circled mount and moor—
Looked for us but found not one.
Blistered, chafed, with one accord
Prone we lay at Bideford.

Envoi

Walkers, when you stand at gaze
On a hill at morning break,
Speak not in a scornful phrase
Of machines that men do make—
You will bless, ere all be done,
Men like Watt and Stephenson.

Neil Bell

A WALKING TOUR

Anticipation

Over the hills when the dawn is sweet,
With blossoms clustering round our feet,
All decked with dewdrops a-glittering,
While birds in rapturous chorus sing!
Far, far from Town with its dust and din,
To rest awhile in some quaint old inn
And there our appetites to regale
With home-brewed pastries and nut-brown ale
Then, when the sun in his glory dies
Soundly to sleep 'neath the open skies,
Which form a star-broidered canopy,
At peace with Nature, entirely free.

Reality

A gloomy day with a north-east wind,
Our warmer clothing left far behind:
No inns which give us a decent meal,
Some drenching showers and a blistered heel!

Leslie M. Oyler

"Some drenching showers"

Illustrations by Arthur Watts

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THAT AUTUMN GLOW

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *September* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT frightful things we do seem to have been saying about our so-called Summer these last few or, for that matter, many weeks—and not altogether without some sort of ground or excuse, either. Seeing that at one county cricket ground, f'rinstance, the captain of the team act'lly dived out of the pavilion one day and swam over the pitch, while at a golf club near London—just to show it's every bit as enterprising a game I s'pose—a member swam all round the hole on one of the greens. Fact, I 'sure you. No need to drag in any silly old sea serpents and things *this* year, what?

AND then, of course, there's all this September to come still, that's 'nother of our holiday months, and a lovely and d'lightful one, too, if only people'll take it in the right spirit. Not go 'xpecting bright hot scorching sunshine all the time, I mean ('specially this more or less record moist year) in the month it doesn't ever b'long to, any more than August, if we'd only be straight and honest with ourselves and not keep on making a virtue of necessity, as the saying is.

REAL reason *au fond* and at the secret root of this Aug. and Sept. holiday business being *sans* any sort of *doute*, for the great majority of us who count—the schools. 'Course I know Parliament rises and Society flits early in Aug., but that doesn't make much diff. to the millions, does it, and, anyway, even M.P.s *and* the Best People have sons at Eton and Winchester and Harrow and Rugby and Charterhouse, and places, don't they, not to mention the girls? So that's that. It's the youngest of us, really, who call the tune, isn't it?—and the others who pay the piper. And all but the very strong-mindedest just meekly fall into line and follow suit.

WOULD be rather a bright idea, really, you know, if some of our scholastic tyrants'd let us get away really in the summer. If term, f'rinstance, was March-April-May or thereabouts. And then in the *real* summer months of June and July everyone could have a look at England, our England, with the flowers exquisitely blooming and the trees all youngish and fresh and green. . . . 'Stead of just making the best of those rather tired old months, August and Sept., and 'tending to ourselves that they're *the* very best and richest and sunniest of the year.

BUT if, as I say, people'd only be honest and openly admit there's more mixtures in August than any other month, and September's autumn to the core—well, things'd be all for the best and expected in the best of all possible worlds, and also we'd discover simply lots and heaps of unexpected and lovely beauties therein.

"Fires, par exemple"

Especially this present friendly month that we've just launched or embarked on, spite of its short days and sunsets that seem to happen long 'fore you've even 'gun to think of dinner and the inevitable ending of a perfect day.

BUT that's just it. As they say in *The Odd Spot* at the Vaudeville:

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
That's where the wonderful night begins.

And there's all sorts of September blessings some people don't seem to 'preciate anything like even half enough. Fires, *par exemple*, the only really reliable autumn glow. Which once upon a time used to be 'sidered simply 's'lutely impossible and immoral any time for another month or, so at least ahead. And still enough lurking sense of sin about 'em to add a sort of 'ticularly sparkling fascination—'specially if you should happen to be cottaging it somewhere by the sea.

OH, the joys and 'dventures of that evening prowl along the beach under the white cliffs, looking for driftwood to make a really thrilling cottage fire. The lovely c'lection of oddments brought home in pockets or tucked in baskets or skirts, and the rapturously alluring fizzles and blue flames that arise therefrom and give a sort of romantic air of the sea and

"So-called Summer"

wrecks and all that sort of thing to our simple hearth.

RATHER like a woman of thirty-five or a man of forty-five, really, September is. Most of the sort of thoughtless and reckless youthfulness gone, I mean, but a kind of ripe subtlety instead, and moods you can more or less count on, with every now and then dashes and splashes, and even whole long days, of dazzling unexpected sunshine that're all the more fascinating 'cos you know they aren't properly on the list. In the country as well, that is—and in town not sure she isn't, many ways, quite the most pleasing and satisfying of all months.

FOR one thing, there's all the new fashions just coming rolling in, and all that other autumn glow of choosing just *the* best that Magin, and Poiret, and Patou, and Worth, and Reville can produce. Straighter and slimmer than ever we've got to be, you know, and our frocks aren't lengthening, either. And must have fur on everything somewhere, even on our pyjamas, and simply millions of buttons, and small hats—only some of 'em *may* be square and top-hatty if we feel like it. And either lots of sleeve or none at all, and—well, that's about all, I think, 'cept that you can be as brilliantly and blaring coloured as you like, s'long as you cover yourself up in a dark coat by day.

AND already the dress shows are on in Paris, and they soon ought to be on here, too, 'cos really in a way things have never stopped moving, and hasn't been *too* much encouragement to take extra time out of town, what? Not that town's ever been oppressively empty, methinks, what with over eleven million people who've been to Wembley since the start—think of it. No wonder the theatres 've been doing better than ever before at this time of year, and the dance-places, too, going strong. And at Ostend, also, I hear, everyone flocking on Sunday nights to see the Metropole Midnight Follies, late of London, and soon, I hope, returning, in the Salle des Ambassadeurs at the Kursaal.

"Slimmer than ever"

AND here, *chez nous*, there's lots goin' on at the Piccadilly and the Prince's, and the Savoy, "the home for bankrupts," as they put it in the aforesaid bright and breezy *Odd Spot*—"only they're not bankrupt when they go in." A quite cheerful show this last, what with Binnie Hale doing a perfectly wonderful imitation of Nellie Wallace who, by the way, as her own amusing self, in company of Billy Merson and Toots Pounds, looks like keepin' audiences long rocking in their comfy seats at the Palladium's 'witching revue, *The Whirl of the World*. And besides the versatile Binnie are John Deverell and Jack Raine simply screaming in a bedroom scene after the Three Arts Ball—not to mention Paul England in his "Bedtime Blues."

WHICH, after all, is the one and only amusement that you can always freely and fearlessly and recklessly revel in, whatever the weather—dancing, I mean. No matter though thunder roars all night long, and market-places are flooded and motor-buses drowned, and the river rises furiously, and the actors flee from their Maidenhead *cocottages*, still securely, serenely, we dance. Or gather serenely, too, round our aforementioned inglenooks, not unaccompanied, perchance, by the more or less thrilling and absorbing book of the moment.

LIKE that most alluring new book called *A South Sea Bubble*, by Roland Pertwee, that's about a treasure-hunt in the Pacific Islands and full of adventures *and* love—just the very thing for a dark and chilly night when the rain comes spluttering and spitting down the chimney into the brightly glowing coals. Do so like writers who make things really happen, don't you, even if they're fearfully awful and immoral—'stead of always ending up respectably and disappointingly, like the old Victorian ones.

SO on with yet another September log, and let's hope the latest batch from Hatchard's 'll help to make us feel all of an autumn glow, too.

With lots of love, yours ever.

BLANCHETTE

"Toots Pounds at the Palladium"

Study of Miss Justine Johnstone wearing Ciro Pearls

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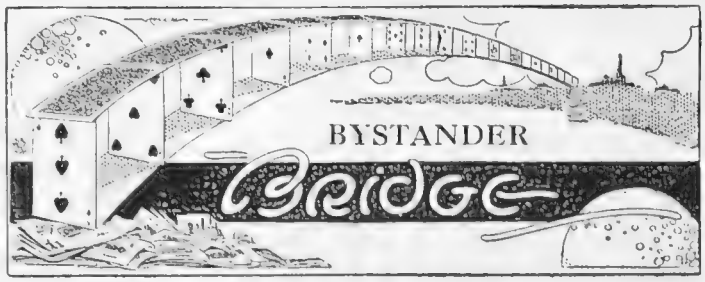

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"TABLE UP"

At a Bridge four a tyro who had been constantly ragged by his partner over his declarations got more and more exasperated. At last, worried beyond endurance, he turned to one of his opponents, a taciturn old man, and said, 'If you'd been in my place, what would *you* have called?" Said the taciturn old man, "*I'd have called a policeman.*"

. . . . .

It is a rule at Clubs that when a rubber is finished one of the players shall announce "Table Up," so that anyone who wishes can cut in. But like all rules it is not always obeyed. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. Who is to take the responsibility of making the announcement when there is an undesirable player hovering in the background? Should all four rise from their seats, and in stentorian tones chant "Table Up," or should the task be allotted to the one with the strongest voice?

Is it necessary that the announcement should be audible? And, if so, to what extent? Must it be heard by the whole room, or only addressed to those presumably interested? May it be muttered or whispered under the breath? And if a deaf player is present, should it be conveyed by signs?

. . . . . .

What often happens at the end of the rubber is this. A player whispers, "Cut quick. There is that dreadful Joskins waiting to come in." They cut. Joskins, otherwise known as "the White Man's Burden," comes up.

"You didn't call 'table up,'" he says. "I wanted to come in."

"Afraid it is too late now," says someone. "We have cut for partners."

"But you ought to call out," says Joskins.

"So we did," lies one of the players. "We can't help it if you did not hear."

"I shall report it to the Committee," says Joskins.

. . . . .

So the Committee put up a nice new notice printed in bold type.

"Players are requested to call 'Table Up' at the end of every rubber."

But no one really pays much attention.

At Cock and Hen Clubs you can't beat the regular women players at the "Table Up" business. They have eyes like a lynx. Instead of staying at one table, so anxious are they that not a moment shall be lost, they flit from table to table. As soon as a rubber is over there is a rush to get in, and woe betide the players who do not call "Table Up."

At men's clubs there is less restlessness. When a table is made up with its quota of six players they generally remain in it for the rest of the sitting. In fact, at many clubs it is considered bad form to move about from table to table.

. . . . . .

A law that is not always observed is No. 22: "If anyone break up a table, the remaining players have the prior right to him of entry into any other; and should there not be sufficient vacancies at such other table to admit all these candidates, they settle their precedence by cutting."

Thus, suppose Jones won't play with Robinson, and, consequently, breaks up the table, Robinson and the other two players have the prior right to Jones in forming a new table, or, if there is only room for two of them at another table, Robinson can go in without cutting against Jones for the right.

. . . . . .

A correspondent asks me to explain what he describes as "that rather curious Law 25"—

The Law is—"A pack having been played with must neither be shuffled by dealing it into packets, nor across the table."

This refers to a practice some players have of dealing out the cards into packets with a view to getting them well shuffled. This procedure is quite in order with new cards at the beginning of a rubber, but it is illegal afterwards, as is also the practice of spread-eagling the cards across the table and shuffling them on the table.

The correct method of shuffling is to place the pack in the left hand and with the right manipulate them so as to alter their order. It is not a difficult feat, and can be acquired easily by practice, but it is astonishing how few players shuffle adequately.

. . . . . .

The object of the genuine shuffle is to make the order of the cards a matter of simple chance. But it frequently happens that the cards are picked up trick by trick. A perfunctory shuffle is made, and most of the cards remain in the order in which they were played during the last hand. A player with a retentive memory can frequently "place" cards in these circumstances.

You can easily discover whether you are a good shuffler or not by observing the order of certain cards before and after your shuffle. Some players have the habit of "squeezing" the cards, holding half the pack face downwards on the table with the left hand and with the right interposing cards from the other half of the packet. This method generally bends the cards, and is not to be encouraged. It is possible to buy automatic shufflers, but I consider they are a nuisance at the table, and should be quite unnecessary.

. . . . . .

Next week the result of Competition No. IV will be given, and in the following week a new Competition will be started.

A SHARP TURN. By A. C. Barrett

CHARABANC DRIVER: "Hi! You'd better get out of it, he's starting up"

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

St. Bartholomew's Fair.

Bartholomew Fair was held annually in West Smithfield, London, from 1133 till 1855, on St. Bartholomew's Day (*Aug. 24th, old style*). It was at one time the chief cloth fair in the country. A great feature of the Fair was the large number of exhibitions, shows, performers of all descriptions, quack doctors, etc., which combined to make it widely popular.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

MR. J. B. LEIGH

A caricature at "Leafy Lingfield" of the well-known owner and steward

Ebor Day

York is such a delightful meeting in every respect that it is much to be regretted that its biggest day should have been spoilt to a large extent by villainous weather. It was simply a deluge for the greater part of the Ebor afternoon. One admired the pluck of the women who tramped around the water-logged paddock between the races in a determination not to miss seeing the horses. I hope some of them backed a winner or two as a reward, but I fear this was not the case, as the favourites were bowled over one after the other. The bookies must have had a great day.

Marvex's Win

The Ebor result was by no means unpopular, as Marvex was one of the public form horses of the race, and came in for a fair amount of support. It was pleasant to see Mrs. Rudd carry off such a good prize, as she has spent a great deal of money on her racing and breeding stud without winning her fair share of prizes.

The St. Leger

By the way, those who had an idea that Santorb possessed an outside chance for the St. Leger should keep off him, as the probability is that he will contest the Doncaster Cup and give the classic race a miss. Sansovino did not please the critics who saw him gallop over the Ebor course last week. The Derby winner did not look amiss, but at the end of his spin he gave one the impression of having had quite enough of it. It must necessarily be doubtful whether he will be really fit at Doncaster. At Newmarket those who have been watching the St. Leger horses in their work are full of Polyphontes, yet I am a little dubious whether this big colt will stay the Doncaster course, especially if the going happens to be deep, as will probably be the case. A rank outsider for whom I have a regard is Zodiac. You will remind me that he was soundly beaten by Polyphontes at Ascot. I have not forgotten that fact, but I know that Zodiac was backward then. In the interval he has run a dead-heat for the Irish Derby, and he seems to be doing a particularly good preparation for the big race on the Town Moor.

This Week's Attractions

Meanwhile we have a week of excellent racing at Derby and Manchester, with two big attractions at the Lancashire meeting in the shape of the Prince Edward Handicap and the Palatine Nursery. In the latter we are promised a glimpse of the unbeaten **Diomedes**, and though, of course, he has been given plenty to do, he will probably start a hot favourite on Friday. I believe him to be quite capable of accomplishing his task. As an outsider I advise you to have a trifle each way on Silver Idol, who is certainly well handicapped with many of the others. In the Prince Edward Handicap, whose course is two furlongs further than that for the Ebor, Marvex and Norseman can renew their rivalry, the latter having a 4 lb. allowance for his defeat last week. This brings them closely together, but Marvex showed the better staying power at York, and I fully expect him to repeat his success. I shall also have a little on Ceylonese if he runs here, but it is understood that the Cesarewitch is the main objective for this horse. A great tip for the Cesarewitch now going around is Charley's Mount, who missed an almost certain prize by not running at York. But do not be in a hurry to back her, as she may pick up a substantial penalty at Doncaster.

The Polo Tests

The first of the polo matches between England and America is to be played on Saturday, and "The Tout" on another page has given some remarkably clever sketches of our men. We all wish the England team the best of luck, and I strongly deprecate the feeling of hopeless pessimism which is abroad. Undeniably the chances are heavily against us, but that is no reason why the critics (or one or two of them) should be for ever rubbing it in. Surely we don't want our men to take the field with the impression that the matches are all over. I sincerely hope they will confound the lugubrious ones by putting up a thundering good game. The poor Selection Committee has come in for an awful slating, but those who know and can appreciate the difficulties under which they have been labouring are more tolerant.

Dearth of Talent

All through the year we have had the worst of luck in the matter of mishaps to our best players, and the Selection Committee have had the thankless task of endeavouring to make bricks without straw. One thing I blame them for is in not having had the courage to find a place in the team for Mr. John Traill, who is a long way superior to all the men who have gone to America, with the exception of Mr. Lacey. Apart from that—and I will not discuss the reasons for the omission—the Selection Committee have done their best with the scanty material available. I earnestly trust that the team they eventually select will do credit to British polo, which has not nearly recovered from the devastating effects of the War, and is not likely to do so for another five or six years. A. W. C.

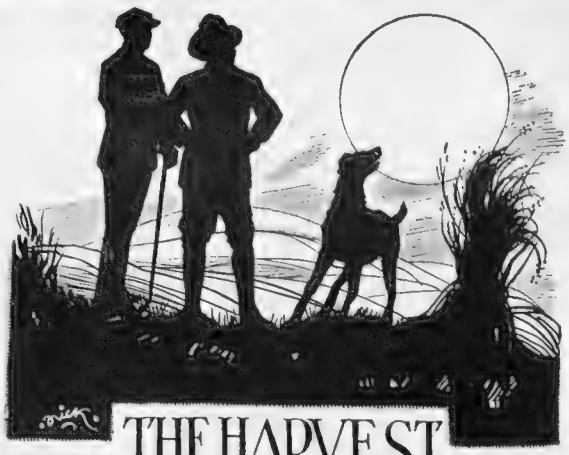
Photograph] UP AND OVER [*Sport and General*

The field taking the water jump in the Mamhead Optional Selling Steeplechase at Haldon, near Exeter. The event was one of those in the Devon and Exeter Steeplechases and Hurdle Races

Who's Who in International Polo

BY "THE TOUT"

The subjects in the above cartoon are all past masters of the Galloping Game, and the big four we have sent over to America to recover the Polo Cup which was lost in 1921 will want (we hope) some beating. The first of the series of matches is to be played at Long Island on Saturday



THE HARVEST MOON

CHOOSING AND FEEDING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

BEAUTIFUL September of the harvest is not so important a month for big Dog Shows as its successor, October, which brings the biggest exhibitions of the year, both in Edinburgh and in London. But such September events as the Brighton Show (to-day, Wednesday) and those at Abergavenny (to-morrow), Maidstone (next Wednesday), Llangollen (to-day), and Dublin (20th) are notable. Also, holiday-making lovers of Dogs should on no account overlook the fascinating sporting functions of which country districts provide many this month; the Sheepdog Trials and Hunt Puppy Shows, all rich in material for the observer of character and type—human as well as canine.

It is curious to note what an overwhelming proportion of doggy enquiries and correspondence hinges upon the basic question of feeding (especially of puppies), and the matter of choosing a Dog. Regarding the last-named theme, the Kennelman is hampered by the fact that many correspondents omit information upon two vital points; the nature of their homes, and what they want a Dog *for, e.g.*, as a pal, with a view to ultimate breeding or exhibiting, mainly as an indoor, or as a walking companion, etc. Without knowledge on such points, advice cannot be detailed.

So far as general principles are concerned, aim at choosing your Dog in his own home, in the surroundings in which he has been reared, rather than through intermediaries. If it's a case of a pup, note relations between the brothers and sisters. The boss in the nest is likely to continue the heartiest and strongest member of the family. At this stage, bone, substance, and virility are worth more attention than the finer details. With regard to disposition, give close scrutiny to a Dog's eye; with regard to health, look well into his mouth: note gums, teeth, breath, etc.; and skin and coat. The prospective breeder must consider, first, pedigree; the prospective exhibitor, points and type; the seeker after a companion, character and disposition; and all three should rate very highly physical soundness, health, constitution. But, as with humans, so with Dogs, psychology is the richest, most interesting study: mind and temperament are all-important.

"I have seen it in print that the staple of the puppy's dietary should be milk." Then, dear sir or madam, the print was false and misleading—not from the fount of truth. The pup, no less than his grandsire, is carnivorous. Aye, even before he is fully weaned, finely minced, fresh, raw lean—at first, just scraped lean—is the most valuable of all foods. Teach him to bite and chew, as soon as you can, and let him discard slops with his milk-teeth. Good biscuit and meals are better than bread; stale, wholemeal bread is better than any other kind; rabbit and chicken, for example, are of small use for healthy Dogs; and tripe, useful as an accessory, is no substitute for beef and mutton. Variety, cleanliness, strict measuring, rigid punctuality in time, and rigid application of the rule of the clean plate—never *leave* food with Dogs of any age—these are important.

The new-weaned pup should get as many as five small meals a day, the last as late as possible, to support his growth in sleep. A few weeks later, reduce to four daily meals; then to three; after the sixth month to two; after the twelfth month, to one meal and one snack—and no more—per diem.

Where quality counts

TRUE merit goes by comparison. The keener a man's appreciation of tobacco-quality, the more naturally will his taste gravitate towards GOLD BLOCK. You expect to pay a little more for such high smoking quality. But increased enjoyment will sanction the additional outlay.

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1-oz. Packet - 1/3½
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Countless Champions have been reared on "Osoko"—*the paramount dog food.*

Composed of toothsome white biscuit and just the right proportion of meat, "Osoko" is readily eaten by every breed of dog.

It keeps dogs fit and well, and is recommended by breeders and veterinary surgeons.

A postcard will bring you a sample.

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VICTORIA FOODS LTD.,
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C. S. R., Kirkley Park Road, Lowestoft

Don't discard an otherwise good Suit or Costume simply because it is stained and soiled or perhaps in need of repair. Post it off now to Castlebank Dyeworks for Franco-Barbe cleaning and Tailor pressing. It comes back carefully boxed and carriage paid, ready for further good service. **Gents' Suits now 7/6. Weatherproofs, 8/6. Ladies' Costumes and Weatherproofs, 7/6.** Minor Repairs free

Address Parcel plainly to Dept. B.W. and ask for your copy of Fleur de Lys 14 and the new man's Magazine "HIS." Both full of hints on how to dress smartly at little cost

Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd

Castlebank Dyeworks
RENFREW STREET GLASGOW

The Breath of Autumn's Being

The first hints of Autumn, though varied and subtle, are quickly read by the prudent mother. She sees the need for changing the little ones' underwear; for provision that will serve through the harsh months ahead.

Chilprufe gives protection in times of rest and play. When weather smiles, and when it frowns. Fits easily and snugly, soothes the most delicate skin and protects against chill.

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Send your children back to school in CHILPRUFE. They will be safe from chill, and you will be relieved of anxiety on their behalf.

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Do This-To-Day

Learn how millions get whiter teeth

This offers a delightful test which will bring a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

It means whiter, cleaner, safer teeth, such as millions now enjoy. See what it brings to you.

The war on film

Dental science is now fighting film—the potential cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth. Under old methods of tooth brushing much of it remains.

It becomes discoloured, then forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth look cloudy.

Film is the teeth's greatest enemy. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Modern research has discovered two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Tests have proved that these methods mean a new era in teeth cleaning. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Now the use of Pepsodent has spread the world over, largely by dental advice.

Look at what Pepsodent does

The use of Pepsodent will bring at once a new conception of clean teeth.

It does more than fight film. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the ptyalin in saliva, which is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined effects will be a revelation to you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself what is best. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 3/9

FEMINA

THE ART OF MAKING EASY THINGS DIFFICULT

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

NONE NITA!

Miss Nita Underwood, who made her first appearance yesterday (Tuesday) with the Co-Optimists at the Palace Theatre, when London welcomed this joycus band once again. Miss Underwood's previous appearance was in "Puppets" at the Vaudeville

It's an art that's never had any recognition as an art simply because it comes so naturally to some people. You remember Monsieur Jourdain, of Molière fame, who realised with immense satisfaction that at all moments of his life he was talking "prose." It makes all the difference to one's self-respect to find a fine name for the ordinary things done by one's ordinary self. But I'd have you notice that the art of making easy things difficult isn't an ordinary affair at all, even if it comes easily to some people. A friend of mine who astrologises in his spare moments explains it in this way. If you happen to have been born with your sun in Gemini (I hope I've got it right) the mole-hills of life assume Alp-like proportions, whether you want them to or not. And if your moon is in conjunction with . . . but, there, I'm treading on dangerous ground. I've forgotten the moon's part of the business, and it doesn't really matter. Sufficient unto the moment is the fact that an artist is always born, whether the stars have anything to do with it or not.

Now the art of making difficult things easy has always taken up all our attention. The world is full of clever people all anxious to teach us their way of cleverness in return for our guineas. There are the people who want to show us how to play Strauss and Debussy with art and feeling *and* technique all in a fortnight; and the people who'll tell you how to acquire Russian and Chinese by correspondence in your spare moments after dinner; and the people who've got an infallible method whereby your weak-kneed failure of yesterday becomes the resplendent success of to-morrow. The world's full of those clever people. They've all discovered a system which turns the difficult arts into child's play. You master the system, and all goes well—unless the system masters you. I've known it happen frequently. Because the trouble is that these systems of theirs require so much earnest concentration on the part of the "systemee," that if you're gifted that way at all you can acquire any art you hanker after without any system at all. But that's a dark secret which I wouldn't have generally known for the world. If it were there'd be an end of those exhilarating advertisements which enthuse me in my most dejected moments. I love to read how easy the difficult things are, and how Mr. Jones, of Upper Tooting, acquired them without any effort after ten days' study. It's the mental equivalent of the well-known letter which begins with: "After taking one dose of your marvellous medicine I felt a different man." Reason, or something else, suggests to me that if the Joneses of this world have found how easy is the straight and narrow way, so can I. "What man has done, man can do." . . .

Now the art of making easy things difficult isn't so easy to come by. A man may sometimes find it expedient to acquire the art; it underlies so many respectable professions. But as to that, life couldn't go on at all if we lifted all the veils between ourselves and the way we make our money. The artist unto the manner born has no tiresome years of apprenticeship. She takes to complications as a duck to water. Where you and I see only one possible way and straightforward duty, she sees a dozen, all equally desirable and all, of course, conflicting with each other. Solomon himself wouldn't have had the wit, the experience, or the temerity to advise her. Her life is one long hesitating between two courses of action and choosing neither. And she is true to her principles in the big things and the small.

For instance, a bill reaches her some fine day. Now the only way to deal successfully with a bill is to pay it if you can, but that's not her way. She tidies it away for future reference with the rest of the morning's letters. In due course the bill reappears as account rendered, and is relegated to the letters-unanswered-and-bills-unpaid pigeonhole of the bureau, where it waits to be compared with bill No. 1, which by this time has mysteriously disappeared, as things will if you let them. Meanwhile, before the reappearance of bill No. 1, a third and more urgent account rendered arrives by the morning's post. Startled into immediate action, a cheque is sent by return, and the receipt is promptly lost, or mislaid—these things *will* happen.

Months later a long-delayed tidying of the bureau reveals bill No. 2, which has long slumbered undisturbed in its pigeon-hole. She gets busy and sends another cheque, and either receives an acknowledgment in due course and is quite happy till some mysterious entries in her passbook disturb her peace and lead to much indignant correspondence and a final quarrel with the firm; or else the latter, on receipt of her second payment, writes a respectful letter, pointing out that as she has inadvertently paid her bill twice over, it will be pleased to credit her with the amount. Thereupon ensues a terrible time of trying to make up one's mind. The amount to one's credit and the possible articles required refuse to correspond. . . . Over the final complications it's best to draw a veil. Life's got to be lived somehow, even by the people whose sun is in Gemini. Artists are not good to live with, and a man, when he goes a-marrying, is apt to avoid the obvious followers of the obvious arts. But the artist at making easy things difficult has no trademark. A sun in Gemini isn't visible to the naked, especially not to the enamoured, eye. It ought to be.

CANDIDA

Photograph *Ernest H. Mills*

ENGLAND'S FAVOURITE AMERICAN SINGER

Miss Nora Bayes, who has sung her way into the hearts of British music-hall artists, as she appears at the New Oxford Theatre re-opened this week with a strong variety programme

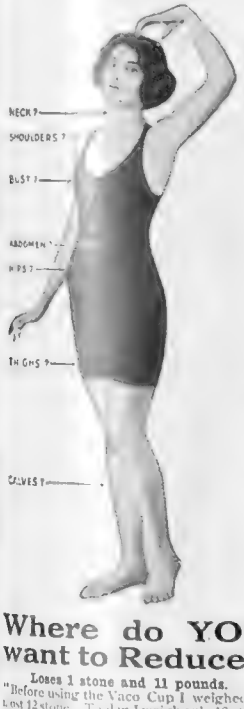
New 3 Minute Treatment Takes Off Fat—*Just Where You Want to Lose It!*

Amazing new discovery takes off flesh just where you want to lose it. No dieting—no pills—no discomforts. Requires only a few minutes a day. Five days' Trial. Results guaranteed. New easy way to quickly reduce any fleshy part and have a youthfully slender figure!

AT last a local treatment to take off superfluous flesh just where you want to lose it. At last science comes forward with a simple, harmless appliance, that by removing the cause quickly and easily removes the effect—the fat—at the spot, and there only. Thousands of women are stout only in certain parts, but normal in other parts. Thousands are too heavy about the waist, but perfectly well-formed—even slender—from the hips down. Others have very large hips and lower limbs, while comparatively thin in the upper body. Many have small faces, which immediately show a thin, drawn, and wrinkled effect as soon as a single pound is lost by the ordinary methods of reducing—dieting, exercise, baths, etc. With the Vaco Reducing Cup, in such cases the face is never even touched. The excess flesh is treated directly, and by this new, wonderful method it is quickly brought down to normal.

No Pills—No Diets—No Privations

Not only is this new natural method easy and pleasant to apply, but it takes so little time. Only 3 minutes' treatment, night and morning, and not only your scale but your own eyes and the admiring comments of your friends tell you that you are reducing abdomen or bust or hips or limbs—just the parts you wish to reduce. Women everywhere are enthusiastic about this amazingly effective new weight-reducer. It is so wonderfully easy and simple to use, and it acts so quickly. One woman lost two pounds in two days—not all over her body, but just where she wanted to lose it—at the waist-line. This same woman reduced 15 pounds in a few short weeks. Another lost 26 pounds in less than a month. And one man reports losing 4 pounds in six days, and feeling tremendously better in the bargain. Losing 5, 10, 20 pounds, and as much more as you wish by the marvellous new method is simply a matter of what you yourself desire to do. Thousands of enthusiastic users have done it. A few of their letters are printed here. Read what they have done, and remember that you, too, can experience the same immeasurable joy and satisfaction. You, too, can easily reduce bust, abdomen, hips, limbs, shoulders, arms—any unsightly excess. You, too, can obtain, perhaps as never before, a perfectly proportioned, fashionable, and graceful figure, with all the new vigour, life, and health it brings.



75,000 Already Sold

If your bust is too large, or your shoulders too thick, if your thighs are too fleshy or your abdomen protrudes, you need no longer let them mar the beauty of your figure. By means of the **Vaco Reducing Cup,** thousands of people are regaining youthful, slender figures in a surprisingly short time. The fame of the **Vaco Reducing Cup** has spread like wildfire! Already 75,000 have been sold—so you can tell the amazing success of this new method! You—anyone—can easily and quickly perform these wonders for yourself with this new marvel of Science. The principle upon which it works is as perfectly natural as the formation of the fat itself. Fat is formed when the circulation of the blood is too sluggish to dissolve it and carry it off. And when once formed it further impedes the flow of the blood through it, adding to the congestion. The **Vaco Reducing Cup,** by gentle but concentrated suction, creates a natural circulation in the fatty part, and the rotating massage exercises and loosens the fatty tissue, making it still easier for the active blood to dissolve and carry away the clogging fat. Gymnastic and other exercises act on the same principle, but unfortunately it is hard to confine the exercise to the precise spot you wish to reduce. Besides, strenuous exercise often affects the heart and other organs. The **Vaco Cup** goes direct to the affected part—circulates the blood there and there only. The warm, tingling sensation you feel in the part, after using the Cup, is proof, if proof were needed, that the healing blood is at work, clearing out the useless excess in a perfectly natural way.

Five Day Money-Back Trial

POST SPECIAL COUPON——SAVE 10/-

So confident is the Modern Research Society (situated in the heart of London on Regent Street) that its discovery will bring the results you want—that it gives you a five-day trial and an absolute guarantee—**FREE PROOF!** Let us send you the Vaco Reducing Cup so that you can use it in your own home for five days and actually see for yourself how you can lose your superfluous flesh in this new, easy, natural way. The test need not cost you a penny if you are not absolutely delighted.

THOUSANDS of **Vaco Reducing Cups** have been sold at 30s. and upwards, but a special introductory offer brings you for five days' trial the entire treatment for only £1. Just follow directions, and you can't help becoming slender and graceful again. You take no risk. This is our

FREE PROOF OFFER!

Just post the coupon and postal order for 20 shillings, and if the Vaco Cup fails to do as we say it will, return it within five days and **we will gladly refund every** penny you paid. But post the special Coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

Modern Research Society,
Dept. 459,
14, Regent St., London, S.W.1

Special Coupon-worth 10/-

Modern Research Society,
Dept. 459, 14, Regent St., London, S.W.1

Special Coupon-worth 10/-

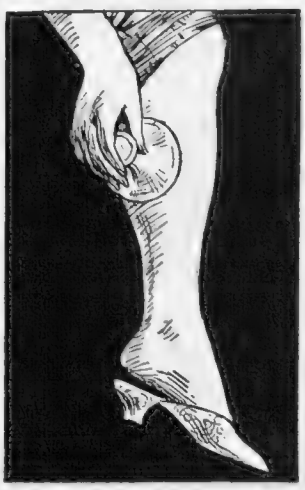
Send me—in a plain container—the Vaco Reducing Cup postage prepaid. I am enclosing 20 shillings with this coupon with the understanding that I have the guaranteed privilege of returning the Cup within five days, and having my money promptly refunded if I am not delighted with results.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Town .....



Where do YOU want to Reduce?

Loses 1 stone and 11 pounds.

"Before using the Vaco Cup I weighed almost 12 stone. To-day I weigh only 10 stone. I am very much pleased to see such a reduction in only a few weeks." Miss F.H.

Takes off 4 pounds in 6 days.

"I have lost 4 pounds in the last 6 days. I feel much healthier and can perform duties without the least exertion." T.H.C.

Loses inch from thighs in few days.

"By the tape measure I have lost one inch in only a few days' time."
Customer No. 1,008.

Reduces abdomen 4 inches.

"I think your Vaco Cup speaks for itself. My waist measure used to be 42 inches, now it is 38 inches."
Customer No. 713.

Five inches from hips.

"I have been very much pleased with the results obtained through the use of the Vaco Cup. In actual measurements my sister lost 5 inches in the girth of her hips."
Customer No. 324.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

Captain Reginald Berkeley is a fortunate man who deserves his good fortune. He wrote that amusing play, *French Leave*, and followed it up by an equally good thriller. He packed up a bag and descended upon Nottingham to return home with two magic letters tacked on to his name. And in Parliament he must surely have asked more awkward questions than any man has a right to put. He can write ridiculous rhymes, and as an actor in home-made charades he is superb. Moreover, he can bowl a straight ball at the wickedest possible pace. I mention this last feat because in introducing Captain Berkeley's new book, *Unparliamentary Papers* (Cecil Palmer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mr. J. C. Squire, draws a vivid picture of him bowling his fastest while his publisher is forced to keep wicket. Mr. Squire might have added that Mr. Bohun Lynch, who illustrates the book in his own inimitable fashion, has been known to play for the same team often enough.

The book itself is a pot-pourri of good things. It is genuinely funny, it is sarcastic, it is satirical; occasionally it can even be a little serious. There are absurdities of the future which you cannot read without a chuckle. There are stage travesties which are so amazingly like the real thing that there come moments when you forget that Captain Berkeley and not his victim is the author. And there is a complete guide to Parliamentary procedure and etiquette which, if not always as trustworthy as it might be, will delight everybody (like myself) who avoids the House of Commons like the dev—— I mean, everybody who avoids the House of Commons. Really it is a delightful entertainment that is put before you, and you should not miss it.

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS"

One of the effective illustrations to the Pageant of Empire Souvenir volume which is now on sale at the price of one guinea. Among its contributors are: The Prince of Wales, John Masefield, E. V. Lucas, Laurence Binyon and Rudyard Kipling. The artists who have helped to make the book so decorative a volume are: Frank Brangwyn, Spencer Pryse (one of whose drawings is reproduced above) and Macdonald Gill

The new novel which Mr. Hichens gives us is, like some of its predecessors, unusually long, and I fancy that the same effect could have been obtained with half the number of words which Mr. Hichens uses. *After the Verdict* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a rather uncomfortable story of a man tried for murder and acquitted. He is engaged to a lawn-tennis champion, and what with the murder and the lawn-tennis—surely at the moment the two most popular topics of conversation—the interest can never be said to flag. What it feels like to be associated in any way with a man tried for murder I had no idea until I had read Mr. Hichens's book. After reading it, it seemed to me that one's acquittal is only the beginning of one's trouble. However, there is more than a mere acquittal in the story, and one soon becomes aware that all is not precisely what it would seem to be. Mr. Hichens's detailed work, it is true, makes first-rate reading, but there is really too much of it.

R. S.

By Appointment

Bulmer's means Best.

In the best homes, the best clubs, the best restaurants, Bulmer's is recognised as the appropriate Cider by those who know and want the best. It is evolved from the choicest products of the best orchards by the same prolonged and elaborate process as champagne. Sparkling, delicious, stimulating. Bulmer's Champagne Cider is specially appreciated by the gouty and rheumatic owing to its low acidity.

Sold in all Restaurants at Wembley.

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Provincial Agents on application.

FASHIONABLE KNITTED WRAP COATS

FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Wrap Coats which have been specially designed for the present season. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming and at the same time practical and useful.

SMART KNITTED WRAP COAT (as sketch) knitted in handsome all-over design in wool and artificial silk with collar, cuffs and border of close curled wool; the collar can be buttoned to neck or worn open as desired. In attractive colour blendings.

PRICE

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Knitted Cap to match, **52/6**

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London W.

By Appointment

By Appointment

The Amylyte

The extreme lightness, flexibility and comfort of this hat will commend it particularly to those who find a standard hard felt hat too heavy a wear.

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CREPE DE CHINE
TEA FROCK

"ELMA"

CHARMING and useful Tea Frock in good quality crepe de Chine with the fashionable pleated bodice and panel skirt, daintily finished on front with contrasting or to tone, embroidered medallion. In all colours and Black.

PRICE
98/6

Outsize, 21/- extra.

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Sent on approval.

Catalogue & Patterns Post Free.

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BURBERRY

Whatever the weather, is the Weatherproof to wear. It keeps its owner dry when it rains, warm when it is chilly, yet, airylight and self-ventilating, is cool and comfortable on close days—the most useful Overcoat a woman can possess.

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OTHER productions of the Peasants & Crofters include: Harris and Homespun Tweeds (all lengths cut). Any knitted garment to order. Lace Shawls, Leather Work, etc.

Our illustrated Catalogue fully describes the industries of the Highland Folk, and will be sent post free on receipt of a p.c. addressed to Miss Bruce, Secretary, Dept. H.

NOTE: This is the only name and address under which the organisation trades.

See our exhibit at the British Empire Exhibition in the Palace of Industry, Section H, Stand 213.

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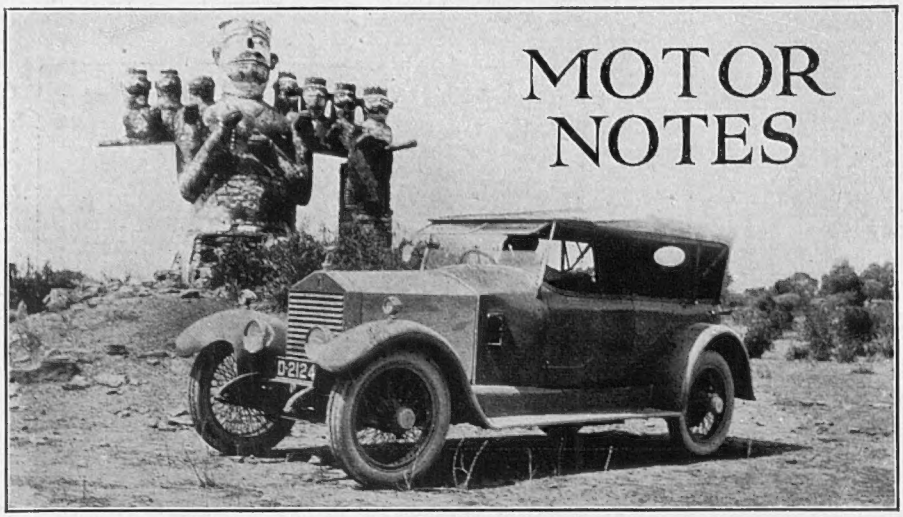
MOTOR NOTES



"AYE, STRANGE GODS BE HERE"

A 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce car on the road between Sutna and Rewah in the Calcutta Province. The distinguished gentleman in the background represents King Rawan, a prehistoric ruler of Ceylon, who was believed to equal ten men in knowledge. It doubtless depended on the men

THE final event of the British motor competition season this year will be the 200-mile race organised by the Junior Car Club. It will take place on Brooklands track on Saturday, September 20, the start being timed for 3 p.m. The race will be run in three classes, limited respectively to engines of 750 c.c., 1,100 c.c., and 1,500 c.c. All the cars will start simultaneously, and the winner of the race will receive the T. B André Gold Challenge Trophy. The winner of the respective classes will each receive cups, while a special prize is offered for the car putting up the fastest lap, which also finishes the race—a most important condition. A total of fifty entries has been received, including the holders, the makers of the Alvis. The favourites for the race are three Darracq cars, which are fitted with a forced induction system, and are stated to develop one hundred horse-power! It was found last year, however, that it was not the fastest car which won, but I am inclined to think that the Darracqs, in the hands of K. Lee Guiness, H. O. D. Seagrave, and Dario Resta, will be found in a prominent position at the finish. Another interesting and extremely popular event organised by this club will take place later in the year. I refer to the annual dinner and prize distribution, which will take place at the Connaught Rooms on Tuesday, December 16. Members should make a note of this date.

* * *

THAT enterprising body, the Automobile Association, is always endeavouring to extend its activities in the service of its members. The latest contribution of the A.A. to the convenience of its members is the preparation of hotel location maps of England, Wales and Scotland, on which are shown the locations and classifications of the hotels appointed by the Association. By the aid of these maps, which are supplied free to members, the motorist can plan out his run beforehand, noting where he can stop in comfort for his meals and for the night.

* * *

THE battle of the tyres still rages. Are we to balloon or are we not? It is an undoubted fact that the large section low-pressure tyre is being standardised on an increasing number of well-known cars. Scarcely a week passes without the announcement that such and such a car will be fitted with comfort, balloon or low-pressure tyres. Their advantages from the point of view of comfort cannot be denied, as I have proved by a direct comparative test. There is a certain stretch of road in Sussex which is dead straight for a mile, and which has one of those nasty ripply, pot-holey surfaces. The road has been like this, as I know personally, for the last twenty-five years. Over this stretch of road I have driven all sorts and conditions of cars, but with the high-pressure tyres I have never been able to exceed 25 m.p.h.

(Continued on page 584)

Hanan shoes satisfy Womans wish to be exclusive

To know that her shoes cannot be surpassed in fashion, beauty and quality means much to those who wear Hanan Shoes. Into their making have gone the best thought and the greatest care possible. They outlast all others, and no degree of comfort is sacrificed.

Charming Hosiery in Newest Shades, Dainty and Durable.

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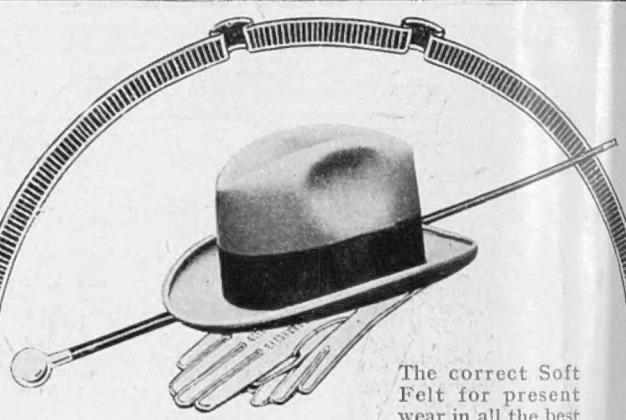
Telegrams: "Hanshuco, Wesdo, London."



The correct Soft Felt for present wear in all the best shades and three standard qualities.

Prices **20/-, 25/-, 30/-**

Battersby hats are distinguished without being obtrusive—fashionable but not extreme. They reflect correctness of style and give sound honest wear.

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HATS

for men

From High-Class Hatters

Actual Makers

BATTERSBY & Co. Ltd., Offerton Works, STOCKPORT

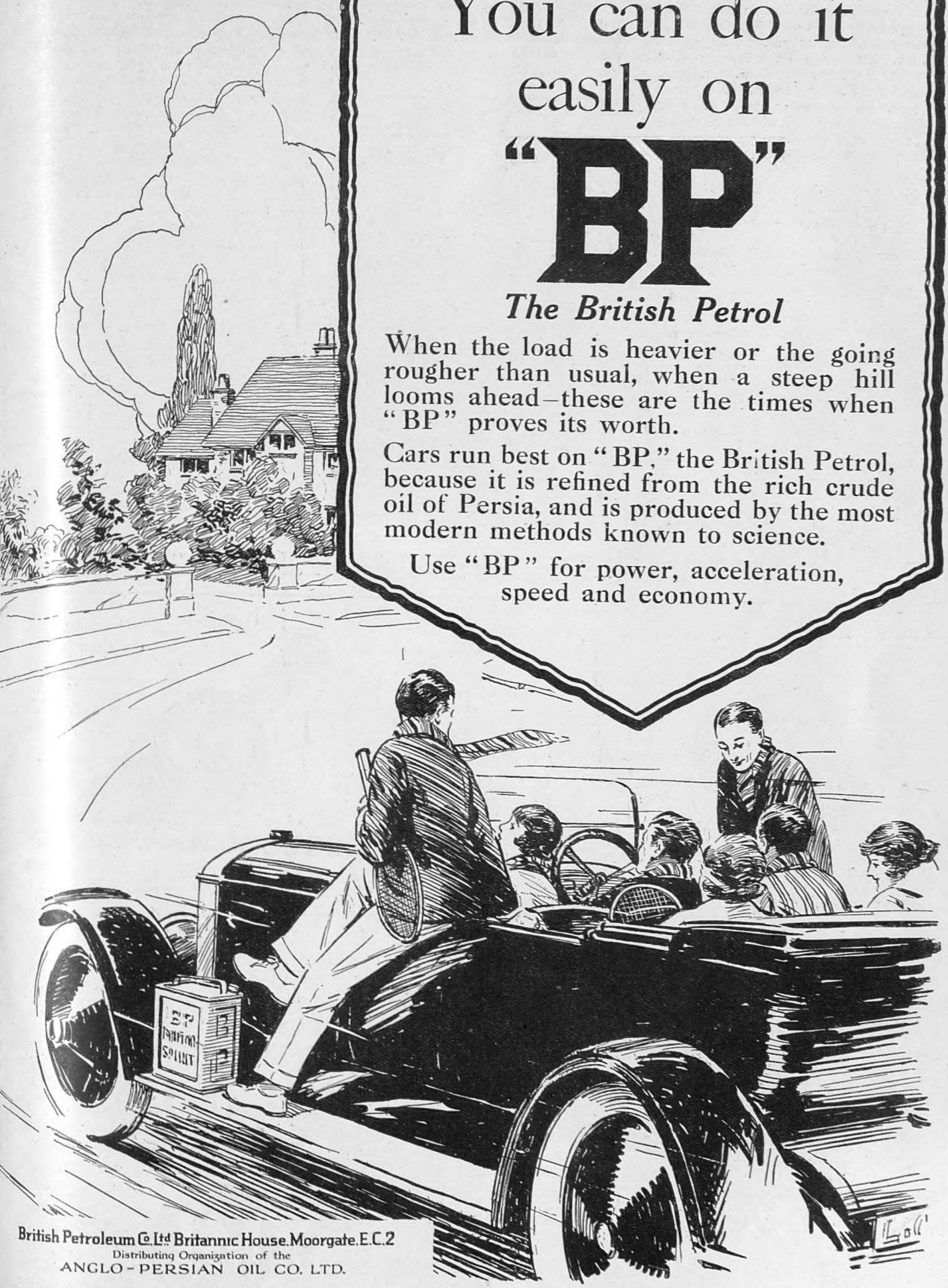
You can do it easily on "BP"

The British Petrol

When the load is heavier or the going rougher than usual, when a steep hill looms ahead—these are the times when "BP" proves its worth.

Cars run best on "BP," the British Petrol, because it is refined from the rich crude oil of Persia, and is produced by the most modern methods known to science.

Use "BP" for power, acceleration, speed and economy.



British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

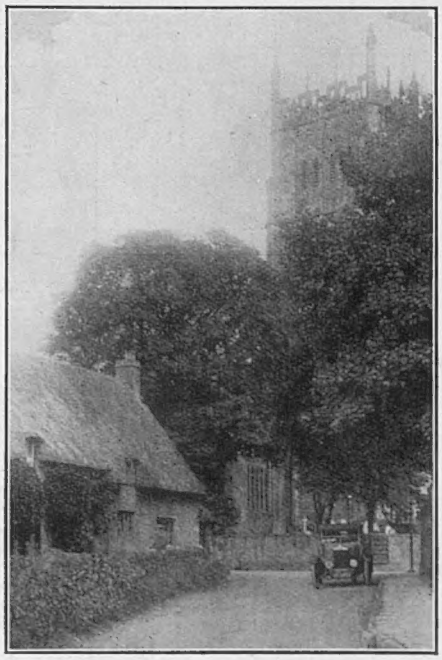
without acute discomfort, except when on the largest and most luxurious of cars. Yet with balloon tyres I hurtled over this appalling stretch at a comfortable 35 m.p.h., and there was no indication that the axles were undergoing a considerable amount of movement. The big tyres certainly justified their introduction on this and similar surfaces. They are also particularly valuable when passing other cars at speed on a rough road, as the car can be taken right down into the gutter without any danger of the rear of the car skipping about and upsetting the steering.

***

YET there is one drawback, and a somewhat annoying one at that. This is that the steering at low speeds is appreciably heavier, and to manœuvre the car when it is practically stationary requires very considerable effort. In this connection, I am informed that modifications in steering gears are being introduced in order to overcome this drawback. At present, the ideal combination would appear to consist of low-pressure tyres on the rear and high-pressure at the front. This arrangement was employed on the winning car in the recent Grand Prix of Europe. The difficulty when employed for touring purposes, is that two spare wheels will have to be carried, but a compromise may be effected by carrying one low-pressure spare. In the event of trouble with a front wheel, the spare could be fitted temporarily until the damage had been made good.

***

RIDING on air is becoming truer every day. The latest introduction is pneumatic upholstery, with which I have recently been experimenting. I have not had sufficient experience to give a definite opinion one way or the other, but I am inclined to think that it has several advantages. In the first place, the upholstery moulds itself to the figure, and a change of position can be easily effected, owing to the fact that the upholstery does not take on a permanent "set." Secondly, the pressure can be varied to suit the weight of the occupants. They can have their seat hard, soft, or medium, just as they like it. The only drawback I have noticed so far is that these seats are vulnerable. In my own case, I do not know if it was the valve which was leaking or if some well-disposed small boy had stuck a pin into the cushion, but I was somewhat surprised to find myself bumping on the hard boards when travelling fairly fast. I should have been warned of this for two reasons. The seat gradually got flabbier and flabbier—so that it was somewhat difficult to stay in position—and I gradually sank below the dashboard until I could only see the radiator filler cap. Still, we all live and learn, and I am thinking of putting some puncture proof liquid in this set.

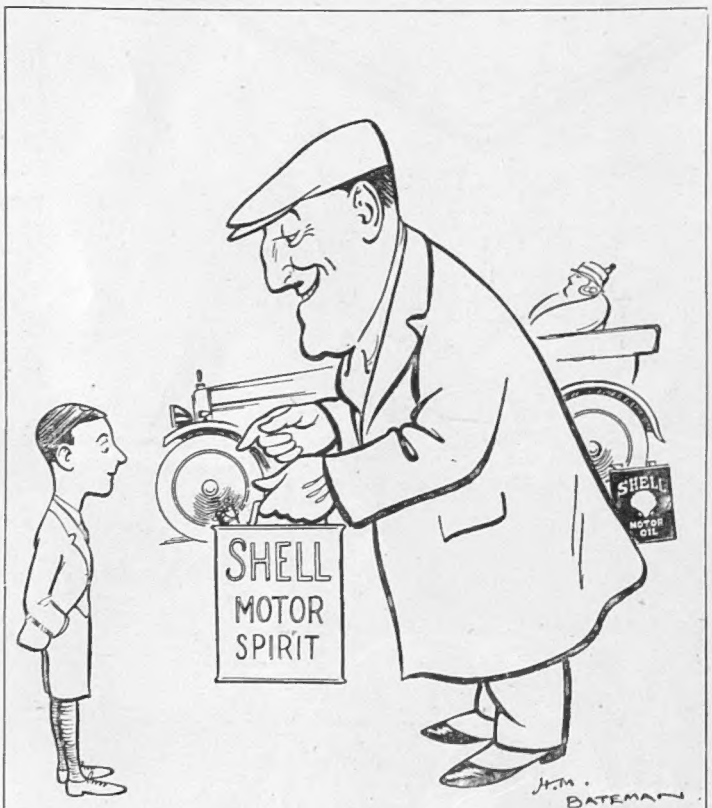


IN LEAFY GLOUCESTERSHIRE

An attractive corner of Gloucestershire in the old-world village of Chipping Campden. The car seen in front of the church is a 14 h.p. Light Standard

***

MY sympathies are always with the manager of a service depot or of a firm's spare parts store. Some of the letters they receive from customers asking for "that little bit which screws on top of the engine" or "that oval-shaped piece near the gearbox," would turn most people's hair grey. The wise makers issue itemised and illustrated spare parts lists so as to avoid these vague descriptions. The latest of these to come along is that for the 10 h.p. and 11.4 h.p. Citroën. It is a fine production, and reflects great credit on its compiler. Every part is illustrated, numbered and described. Each has, also, its own particular code word for use in telegraphic orders. I am sure this book will prove of much interest both to Citroën owners and agents. G. C. S.



EDUCATION

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SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2.

Blended where distilled
Bottled where blended

13/6
per bottle

"A word to the wise man is enough"
—Plautus

Time after time we have given expression to "*our* 'word' to the wise man":—

"There's no use talking—TASTE IT!"

Maybe you have not yet acted upon this oft-repeated suggestion? Never mind! When you do, you'll never again accept any other whisky but "M.L." (Mackinlay's Liqueur)—the Whisky with "the Highland Flavour about it."

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